

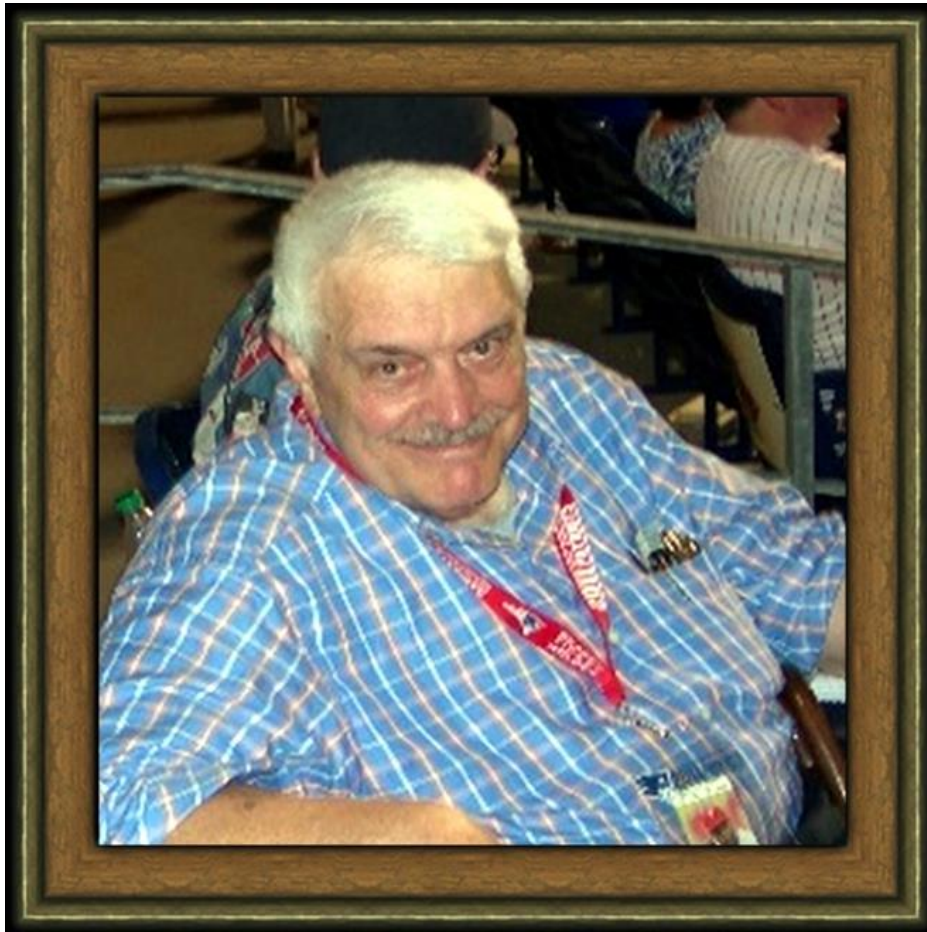
LETTERS

By

Jack Knarr

Dozens of letters written by noted typewriter collector Jack Knarr from 1988 to 2017

VOLUME II



PREFACE

The file you are reading is a treasure trove of handwritten and mostly typed (on old antique and vintage typewriters) letters from my old pal Jack Knarr. My name is Michael A. Brown (former long-time editor and publisher of The Typewriter Exchange Collector Newsletter) and I met Jack about 1987 and we quickly became friends in a relationship that would last 30 years until his passing in 2017. I miss him dearly, because he was a lot of fun to be around, and we shared our love for collecting typewriters. Jack was instrumental in my being able to succeed in my editorship of the hobby newsletter for 21 rewarding years.

I met Jack when I posted a "Wanted Poster" in an antique store in Lahaska, PA. Shortly after, Jack saw the poster and contacted me to ask if I would trade him for three antique typewriters that were rusty and in need of repair and supply him with three good working and restored machines. Of course, I said yes, and that was the beginning of many typewriter transactions over the years.

About this same time, I met a new typewriter collector named Curt Scaglione. The three of us all became friends and Curt assisted me in polishing up three 30s vintage Royal glass-sided typewriters that became our end of the trade.

I must note here to the reader that some of these letters contain vulgar language, and a few have adult content, so READER DISCRETION is advised.

The reader will quickly learn that Jack, while he was a great writer and storyteller, had his own style of writing and "heckling" people while doing so. But to Jack it was all in good fun because he was a gentle soul with a good and caring heart. He had honed his skills as a life-long newspaper reporter who worked for many different news outlets over his many years. He was also the Associate Editor of the Typewriter Exchange newsletter, or Typex as it was widely known.

As you will see in the letters, Jack would write to me and say, "Dear Maggot Face," or "You Wacko," and "Sweet Mother of God."

Then he would address letters to my company as "Stench Typewriter Co." which was really Steck Typewriter Co. Or another company I owned was called Business Machine Repair and he would address it as "Business Machine Ripoff."

But it was all in good fun! Jack never wished ill will on anyone, in fact, he would routinely go out of his way to help people, not only financially but with personal problems and counseling them.

He was a good listener and avid reader.

Fast forward to 2023 and while reviewing the Typex archives a decision was made by Curt Scaglione and myself that these letters should be enjoyed by the typewriter collector community and the rest of the world. We reasoned that this would be a great tribute to Jack Knarr and help to keep his legacy alive.

They are also a "window" into the life and thoughts of an avid typewriter collector and the workings of a long and fruitful friendship. Why not share this with the world?

My longtime dear friend Curt Scaglione has been kind enough to scan all these many letters and post them on his website at <http://officemuseum.online>

Sometime soon we hope to publish these letters on the ARCHIVE.ORG website.

E N J O Y,

Michael A. Brown and Curt Scaglione

Comments, questions, or corrections can be directed to:

Typex1@aol.com or mystaplers2010@yahoo.com

By JODINE MAYBERRY |

PUBLISHED: January 12, 2018

It used to be that if you were a journalist, you couldn't count on great pay or an adequate pension, but you could count on a great obituary written by one of your friends in the business.

That isn't true anymore in this age of obituaries paid for by your family as part of your funeral costs.

Take this death notice published July 18, 2017, in the Tampa Bay Times:

Knarr, John Curtis, passed July 11, 2017. Survived by sons, John Earl William Knarr, Frank J. Knarr; brother, Lenny; sister, Debbie.

That's it. That's the only published notice or obituary I can find for my friend of 49 years, a man who had been a newspaper reporter all his life, working at papers up and down the East Coast.

We worked together at the Daily Times' sister paper, the Trentonian, in Trenton, N.J., for 12 years, where he was one of the most colorful staffers ever.

Jack was most often assigned to the police beat but his great love was writing features and columns on ordinary people.

He was a big man, and he had a big heart. People knew that about him, and they flocked to him. Weird people, down-and-out people, working-class people. They sensed Jack cared about them.

He was weird, himself. When he was young, he looked like the actor Omar Sharif, but he never took that seriously.

He was loud and boisterous and always fun to be around.

Whenever his desk phone rang, he'd shout out, "Yes, Mother!" or sometimes "It's a nightmare!" remembered his longtime friend and former colleague David Neese.

Then he would cackle maniacally.

For a while at the Trentonian, Jack moonlighted as a live-in cemetery caretaker and often spent his nights sitting on a bench in front of the cemetery, talking to the people who happened by.

One Saturday Jack was working police and I was the weekend city editor.

I was waiting anxiously for three stories from him half an hour before deadline while one of his cemetery buddies, obviously distressed, sat next to his desk talking earnestly to him.

I yelled over to Jack to try to get him to wind down the conversation, but he waved me off.

Then he suddenly jumped up and raced into the men's room to grab some wet paper towels.

The man had slit his wrists and was bleeding all over the newsroom floor!

It turned out the visitor had just lost his wife and had come to Jack in his grief and despair.

On another day, the police radio announced that a man with a rifle had taken hostages at a local bar.

Jack quickly called the bar and was surprised to end up talking to the hostage taker himself.

For over an hour, Jack stayed on the phone with the man, listening to his tale of woe. He finally talked the man into handing the rifle to a barmaid and surrendering to police waiting outside.

During the standoff, the guy tried to talk Jack into meeting him face to face.

"Go down there? Hell no. You're crazy and you have a gun," Jack told him.

The police were just a little miffed (Mt. St. Helens volcanic) when they learned that the reason they couldn't call the bar and talk to the hostage taker was that Jack was tying up the line.

After that, word got out on the street that Jack was the person to surrender to in Trenton.

One of those who did was an ax murderer (really) who had been let out of prison on work release and assigned to gardening work at the New Jersey governor's mansion.

The parolee had gotten into some new trouble – I think he murdered a drinking buddy.

So, he called Jack and arranged to meet him at a restaurant, someplace public where the police couldn't shoot him on sight. Jack soon talked him into surrendering to FBI agents who were waiting, and eating, at a nearby table.

Jack collected old manual typewriters and, when he could afford it, old cars. For a few years, one of his old cars was a hearse.

When he worked at the Washington Times, "the Moonie paper" owned by the Rev. Sun Myong Moon, Jack was living in the hearse in the paper's parking lot.

One day, according to Jack, the employees were told to keep their cars out of the parking lot as Moon was coming to inspect the premises.

But Jack's hearse wouldn't start and the next morning, he found himself sitting in the hearse in the middle of a totally empty lot as Moon's entourage passed by.

He was soon gone from that paper.

He also got fired from the Burlington County Times when, as Jack told the story, he failed to show up for a deposition in a lawsuit against the paper.

The deposition was scheduled for 10 a.m., Sept. 11, 2001, and Jack decided at 8:50 that he could better spend his time out reporting locally on the 9/11 terror attack, but he neglected to tell the lawyers or his editor that.

Once Jack drove his hearse to a party at my house, causing half the neighborhood to gather on the sidewalk outside, wondering who had died.

He was fearless, always going where he wanted.

He walked onto the Baltimore set of his favorite TV show, "Homicide, Life on the Streets," and invaded the Phillies press box to pass the better part of a game with his hero Robin Roberts, according to another of Knarr's friends and a former colleague, Mark E. Vogler.

I'm told Jack died at 74 of a heart attack triggered by sleep apnea when he fell asleep after eating a pizza and watching a football game. That is exactly how he would have wanted to go.

"After all the columns he wrote, all the people he touched, people should know what happened to him," Vogler said.

I agree. I hope this will pass as an adequate sendoff.

It is with great appreciation that we thank Jodine Mayberry for permission to use her article where she remembered our dear friend Jack. Jodine Mayberry is a retired editor, longtime journalist, and Delaware County resident.

Oh my. Tony knew it was either a decorated Sholes & Glidden, or a Crandall. She didn't even know the name of it.

"I tried to keep my cool," he said. "We exchanged business cards. I didn't even ask the price.

"Two days later, at the urging of my wife Linda, I called the shop. I got the woman's husband. He told me it was a Crandall. I asked how much they wanted for it. And he said \$125.

"And I asked if they would hold it for me, that I was planning a trip up there that weekend."

Tony chuckled.

"I didn't tell them *why* I was coming up," he said.

(If you need a clue, Adler says the Crandall is worth \$8,000 to \$10,000.)

That Sunday, Tony and Linda arrived at the shop in New Hampshire to bring home the treasure.

"The woman and her husband weren't there, but a worker was on duty," he said. "She said they usually give 10 per cent off on purchases, but I couldn't take it. Linda was amazed I didn't even haggle."

The story is a jewel. The \$10,000 Crandall for \$125 puts the \$15,400 Ford in perspective.

"I have to believe there is a God," Tony said. "Because it wouldn't have happened if they didn't bid me up on those other typewriters; otherwise, that woman would have never taken notice, and had the nerve to come over to me."

"Every once in awhile, you come out of it smelling like a rose. And every once in awhile, you have to pay the piper. That's the other side of the coin."

Jan. 4, 2000

Hey, Mike,

Here's the Klunker story. It would look good with a blown up version of that "GUTTER VOMIT" type that ETCetera featured in the last issue, heh heh. As always, edit at will. Or use ~~wherever~~ whenever!

Thanks alot for allowing me to use the Smith-Premier letterhead; enclosed please find a few copies for your own use. This was much appreciated.

Hope you had a Happy New Year, buddy.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jack", followed by a long, horizontal, wavy line that extends to the right.

Well, the new millennium rolled over, brothers and sisters, and nobody's computer shut down as feared (rats!).

Which means all that E-Diarrhea out there in Collectorland – over which typewriters were the Most Millennial – will continue ad nauseam. I hope all you insufferable gasbags gag on sharp barbs or drown in minutiae!

Anyway, all the discussion of “Top 10 Typewriters of the Century,” etc., got me to thinking about all those “Bottom 10” types that have passed through my hands over the years ... beasts I refer to as Knarr's Klunkers.

So herewith please find a list of A Few Monsters That Belong at the Bottom of Boston Harbor:

1. Royals with windows. When I first began collecting, I was captivated by this simple, beautiful machine. In fact, I had a dream: Buy all I could find and store them in the basement, after which I would restore them and place each in antique shops everywhere, setting on fine furniture, to spark discussion and resale and wonderful profit!

Well, it never happened. You can still pick up these klunkers for a mere \$5. Some 79.75 BILLION of the bastards were made in the first place, you know. So their value will never go up, nobody wants them, and I'm stuck with 10 or 15 of them. And now I hate them.

2. Silver and gray Olivetti office machines, I think they're called Linea 98s, or some such, from the '70s. I once found a pile of 15 of these in pieces in a junkyard, and hauled home a couple of the best, to try to make one good one. But see, the rain had seeped into everything, and ...

3. The Smith Corona. About as special as

Joe Smith and Bob Jones and Jane Doe at freaking Wal-Mart.

4. L. C. Smiths. *I have another dream: Just once, actually heft up a serious, heavy sledge hammer, and take it to one of these miserable, mediocre lumps of iron. Packaging by Peter Principle. Paint by Olive Drab.*

5. IBM Model A, B, C. *These babies huff and puff and jump around like an old locomotive. But there's an Executive model out there somewhere with proportional Testimonial typeface that I would still kill for. (YOU take the rest!)*

6. Remington's copy of the Selectric. *The typewriter industry's Corvair or Ford Pinto: Quality, Job 326.*

7. Those IBM 50 60 Electronics. *A repairman's NIGHTMARE, just above the Composer.*

8. All those rusty, filthy Underwood No. 5s sitting in the dirt everywhere! *Yes, they typed good in the beginning, but they don't anymore, and they can't be cleaned up (save with a blowtorch), and every dumb flea market vendor thinks they're worth \$35, when they shouldn't bring 35 CENTS! (Ooooo, wait a minute, that one has a RIDGE around the bottom, and it says "Wagner Typewriter Company" on the back! — no no no, don't chuck that one in the Dumpster!)*

9. Every single machine with the word "Brothers" on it. *Klunk, klunk, klunk, I wanna see one of those road rolling machines take on a pile of these. Or give them all to Letterman.*

10. All portables, except for art-deco Royals and that Corona, and the silver-plated Royals, and maybe an Olympia or Facit or two. *Particularly that new pressed-steel junker still being, uh, assembled in Yugoslavia or Albania: Oh, good God, GET ME AN AXE!!!*

F. W. PRINCE, Representative.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY.

IMPROVEMENT THE ORDER OF THE AGE



TELEPHONE 770"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 9, 1899.

Feb. 12, 2000

Hey, Mike!

The issue turned out GREAT, good buddy! I feel guilty now, having practically twisted your arm to get my shit in ahead of other stories you had planned (sorry). But on the other hand, the newspaper deadline guy in me thinks it's good we have a little bit of immediacy regarding the Ford Internet story and the millennium bullshit. As I told you, you should have gone with a huge millennium issue back in December, just to satisfy us poor slob who still aren't trapped in that Internet swamp. By the way, did you ever print out or store any of that 'Top 10 stuff that hit the 'Net? If you did, I'd love to borrow and read some of what was put out there. (Again, I know you're very busy, so put that request on the back burner if you must!)

Thanks again for loaning me this great piece of stationery to copy, and for also assisting me in the inspection of my three vehicles! Cheapest goddamned inspections I ever had done! I slapped those babies on the hearse, bolted on the plate from my Capri, and headed out into the Piney countryside last Sunday to put on some miles, and test out the repaired (sic) power steering on the Caddy. Wouldn't you know, that in the space of a mere 65 miles of driving (in that loudly-muffled, noisy beast), I had three close encounters with automobiles driven by the N.J. State Police! Those bastards! My heart was up in my throat. I was sure I'd been nailed. Thank God they were busy going after other people. Man, if I would have gotten stopped by any trooper with just *half* a brain, they might have figured out that (1) the plates and stickers are to the wrong state, Pa.; (2) the stickers are copies, and that (3) I owe Philadelphia \$257 in parking fees and fines, and (4) didn't pay my taxes in 1999!!!

Now you can see why I'm nervous. I'm going to have to move to Antigua soon, pal. Thanks for assisting me in this awful life of crime!

Jack

PS - That little diner was great! If I lived where you lived, I'd be up there snacking all the time!

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
July 19, 2000

Hey, Mike!

I'm trying to save a buck or two on the telephone bill with this dispatch, having just coughed up \$400 to those miserable bastards. (I can only begin to imagine what *your* freaking bill is!) And at the same time I'm testing out another set of fonts for this wonderful IBM Composer-- Press Roman 11-pointers that I'd ignored because they weren't 12s, but that I see now are the Composer's closest match to the great old IBM Executive's Testimonial typeface! YES!

Anyway, I vaguely remember you asking me about a year ago if I had your copy of that rare book *Office Machine Technical Manual* by C. Leroy (Rocky) Jones. And I told you that I'd returned it to you after copying, which I had.

However, while digging down to the bottom of a huge pile of magazines on the bottom shelf of my desk, I came across the copy I made of that 180-page bastard. So if you still haven't located your copy, I'll make another copy of **this** copy! Let me know when you send my convention copy of *The Typewriter Exchange*.

What the hell's taking so long with that, anyway? (Yunk yunk yunk)

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Jack K.", followed by a long horizontal flourish.

PS -- God *damn*, this copy looks good! I might not need the Testimonial Executive fixed after all! (You were going to get to that next week, weren't you?)

Aug. 1, 2000

Dear Mad Dog,

Thanks for the Battleship.
tin. The goddamned Post office
clanked a dent in one side,
the bastards. The wheel that
sorts mail must have gotten
snagged on the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch step-up.
Thank God it wasn't the next
older Battleship tin I saw at
Adamstown. Interesting though
how they redesigned the old
one into the one you sent. I
might go up there again in a
month or two (when I can
afford it, heh heh), and try
to steal that \$40 item for \$25,
and display the two side by
side in my cabinet.

It was also very interesting



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton NJ 08088-1751
Aug. 25, 2000

Hello, You Old Bastard!

After all the great old typewriter action this summer, now that it's over, I'm suffering a severe case of TYPEWRITER WITHDRAWAL! Heeeceeeeee!!!!

Ran into Richard Williger of Hamilton, N.J., at Lambertville last Sunday, & he said the last issue was great. He's the guy who finished last in the typing contest. We both spotted a Smith Corona fold-out portable with perfect decals, brushes, books, etc., for \$75, but neither bought. We thought we'd leave it for rich guys like you and Aubert.

A couple weeks back, I spotted a Hammond #2 at an auction in Spring City, but freaking Channel 6 put it on a preview story the night before-- an old general store had gone out of business-- and the one other guy who was interested bid me up to \$300, which was my limit, and beat me out of it. It was a nice original, uncleaned, perfect oak case, etc. Wish I'd had more money. Then again, I wish I'd bought some stuff at the convention. TAKE HOLD OF MY HAIR AND PULL THIS HEAD OUT OF MY ASS, MIKE!

One of the few purchases I made at the convention was a brochure for the colorful 1926-8 Royal portables. It set me back



all of \$5. Anyway, at the farm auction I attend Saturday mornings, guess what showed on the back of a wagon? That's right, the all-woodgrained version of that sweet little machine, and I was bidden up to \$2.50 before I begrudgingly grabbed it. Nobody bids on typewriters but me at these things, so you can imagine how neat this looks. Mint, fresh roller, and you know, it's keys and action are loose and RIGHT! The work looks OK, what do you think? Now I've got the brochure and the machine. Sort of ironic that the machine actually cost half the brochure!

Anyway, I hope you've relaxed, and made a reacquaintance with your lovely old lady, and are enjoying this wonderful summer, old buddy.

Jack/Kna

PS -- Aubert no longer calls at all; he really must be pissed. Have you had any contact? How is Tony recovering? Did you hear anything from the Backdoor Boys about Brimfield? Anything on the 'Net about their newsletter effort? ANY NEWS AT ALL? I demand a long typewritten letter! I know you can type! HOW'S JASON? H-E-L-L-O, N-A-N-C-Y!!!

KEY WEST GIRL

Mike -
This vacation/travel
stuff beats work
every time! We
watched a "street angel"
painted all in white,
voiceless, blow prayer
kisses to people who
donated \$1. She is said
to make more than a
doctor. So I threw her
in the surf & washed
her off.
Mike

Photo © Richard Crockett



11-28-2000

HAPPY
"WHO-LIDAYS"
from the
U.S. Postal Service



POST CARD

MIKE BROWN
9131 Bustleton Ave,
Philadelphia, PA.
19115

Sept. 6, 2000

Hey, Mike -

Here are copies of ads
from that great Scribner's
from February, 1893.

I was stunned to page
through today, and see
the old wonderful "The
Typewriter Exchange" logo!

I seem to remember
you asked me to send
over something else as
well, but I can't
remember what it was.
Let me know.

If you guys get to
Brimfield, let me know.
I'll be staying with an
old reporter pal at
146 Waverly Rd., North

Ink-Pen & Ink-Pen East

www.ink-pen.com

sherrell@ink-pen.com

joel@ink-pen.com



Andover, Mass. The phone at
Mark Noyes's is 978-689-2781.
I'll be there after the Monday
Night football game, and
probably on Tuesday + Weds. nights
as I do Brimfield, if you
haven't called. Hope you
and Tony can get up for a
few days - that would be
fun. Let's go "bomb" the
Backdoor Boys. What the
hell was their big bomb,
anyway?

Jack

Color pic of Ground Zero
is from "9/11 Special
Commemorative Edition, One
Year Later, A Nation ~~that~~
Remembers," published by
American Media, Inc.



9-27-00

HEY MIKE!

Just a quick note as I leave town for the long weekend to let you know you did a GREAT JOB on the convention issue, old pal! It was just amazing. Where did you get all those pictures? Were they the ones you squeezed off on that cheesy little disposable camera? Or did Rich & Chuck come through with their stuff?

I bet you need a SOLID WEEK OF DEATH SLEEP to recover from this one! But it has to be the best convention issue ever put out anywhere! Christ, the people who couldn't make the convention GOT THERE ANYWAY!!!

I'd send you some money, buddy, except the only way I can buy this VW convertible is by coming up with \$200 A WEEK for the next 13 weeks, while the dealer holds the freaking car! See me Nov. 1. That's when the 13 weeks are up, when I take delivery- when I come alive again!

Meanwhile, don't sell your house! Tell Nancy you'll reform!

Jack



JUNE 25, 01

Hey, Mike!

Thanks so much for this neat tin, old man. Here's a few bucks for your kindness. It is most appreciated. And listen, once again, if you have broken up a series of progress here in your A.P. Little display, and have lied to me about this tin being a second, you must tell me, & I shall return it. Isn't that what collecting is all about, displays?

THANKS. By the way, I'm going to try to do up a little article on the company -- tomorrow I shall send out queries to the public library research section, and also the biggest newspaper in Rochester -- with which we could run photos on the tin, plus the rare flat jobbie I got before. Boby has nothing on the company, so if I get anything, I'm going to do up another version of the story for him.

Jack

PS -- By the way, according to the index that Ribbon Tin News gave out at the convention, there's an article on A.P. Little in Typex, pages 192-3. Do you have that on file? Can you copy & send?

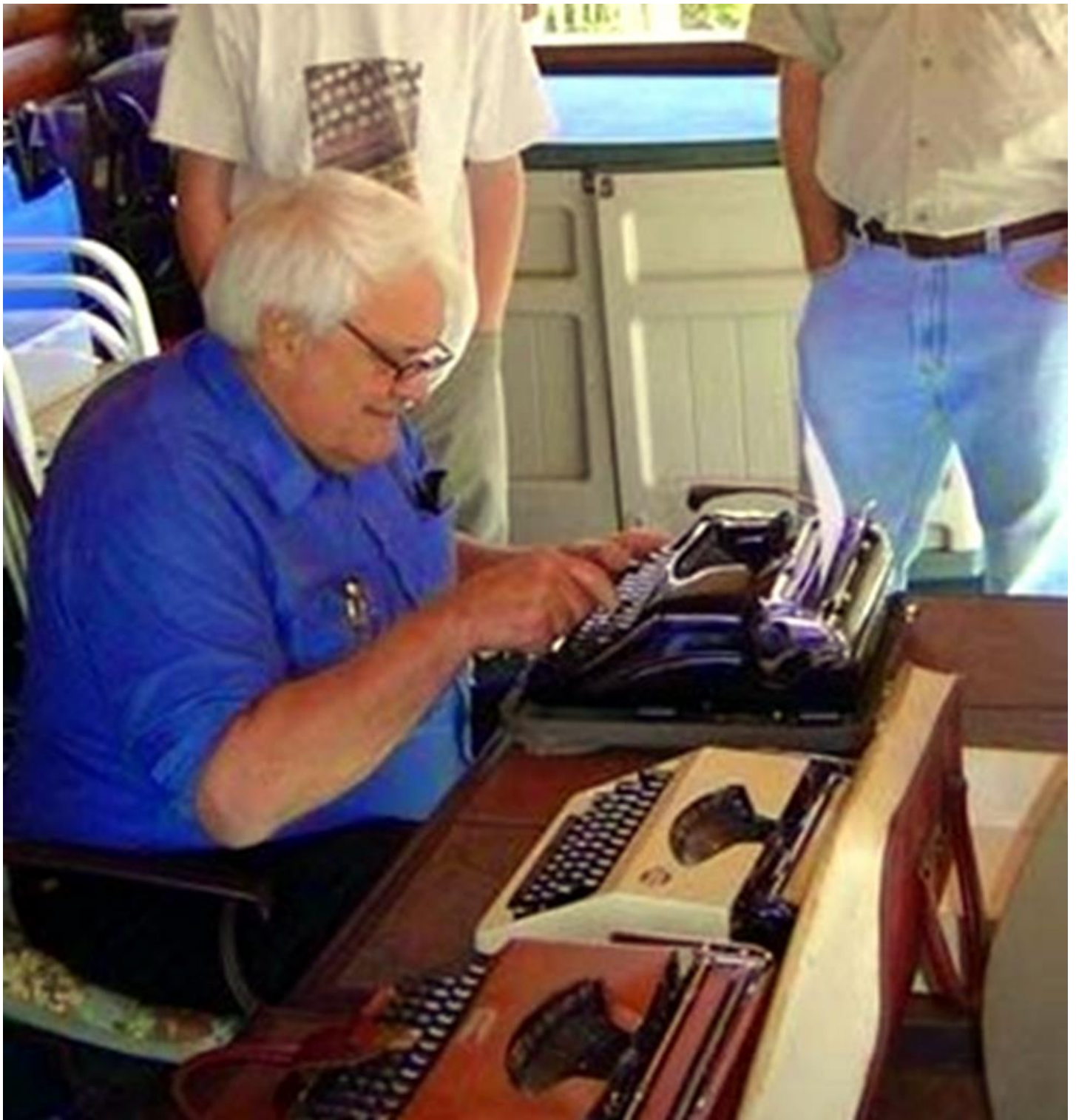
12-27-2000

Hey, Mike!

I'm finally getting my cards out- FOR NEXT YEAR!
This year can't get any better than last year, unless you're
planning another convention! Let me know when The
Back-Door Boys are having their "jamboree" (wheee!) and
we'll put the top down and head up there in my
convertible!

Jack

Wishing You a Warm
and Cozy Christmas



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
June 5, 2001

Hey, Mike,

Thanks again for sending me this great stuff from the Internet about Ettore Sottsass and Henry Dreyfuss. But before I attempt a story, I need actual addresses or phone numbers, that I can use to request hard-copy drawings of their historic typewriter designs, and perhaps an interview. Can you get these from these same sites? Do you have to click on more compartments? Do you have the time? I hope so. I'm sending the cut-off bottom of the first Ettore Sottsass page so you have the addresses of the computer internet handy. By the way, if you can't get an address on Sottsass, I'm sure we could get by writing up what you already sent me. There is that neat off-grey version of the Valentine typewriter that we could use with the story ... plus a small photo of another larger typewriter he did that I don't recognize, probably the Italian version of an office Olivetti.

As for Henry Dreyfuss, if you could print out the category that tells "ABOUT US" and also "HISTORIC DESIGNS" and send me that stuff, I'm sure I'll have a quick-and-easy story for you! Or perhaps his typewriter (Royal) will be under "PRODUCT DESIGN" or "EQUIPMENT DESIGN." I know, I know, I ought to get with the modern-day program, instead of asking you to do stuff. Sorry, pal. As you can see, I'm still stuck in the late '50s, typing on this nearly showroom-fresh "UNDEERWOOD Golden Touch" beige standard found under its cover at the Nixon farm auction for all of 50¢. Neat swoopy redesign of a 50-year-old machine!

Who else should I be including in this story? Are there any known designers that I should be writing up with these two guys? Do you know who is responsible for the Selectric IBM design work? Or don't they reveal that information?

Do you know off the top of your head which of the Sholes-Glidden boys actually drew up the first commercial typewriter design, or was that-- as are most early

invention designs-- a matter of mechanical necessity, and not intentional design or artwork? A color shot of that wonderful flowered No. 1 will certainly highlight any story. I hope there exists somewhere also the first design drawings done for the patents; they would be great as well.

Sorry I couldn't locate any interview with Bruce Densmore Boyd, but it would have been only a two-minute quick-hitter, the info from which you must certainly have gleaned from the guy the first time you talked to him. Did he tell you about that stash of mint original early inventions he found in an attic out there, that he was selling off for \$5 apiece? I got a few of them, but I thought they were overpriced, heh heh. Sorry. Couldn't avoid slipping in a little humor, maggottface.

I'm really screwed this week. Today I'm driving down to Delaware to deliver the old lady who is my neighbor to her vendor friend's place; that's an all-day affair. Thursday noon I'm heading to Boston for a 3-game series with the Phils; an old reporter pal in Lawrence, Mass., roots for the Red Sox. Both are in first place, so the series ought to at least be interesting. On the way up I'm stopping in Pawtucket, RI, to say hello to another guy I worked with in the sports dept. of the Bucks County Courier Times in 1968-9; he located me on the Internet, and on Thursday evening, we're headed for a (you guessed it) baseball game involving Pawtucket's schlub minor league team. Which is all well and good, except for one thing: I WANT TO WATCH SIXERS BASKETBALL IN LOS ANGELES, and I might have to miss Friday night's game. Shit! Plus, baseball is so freaking slow, winning teams or not, that I might fucking PETRIFY up there in the old wooden stands at Fenway Park, before I can get outta town!

Boy this Underwood does indeed have a light golden touch. Please if you've got 5 minutes, help me with that research stuff, Mike, and I'll owe you a lunch at that 50s joint. See you soon, I hope!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jack Underwood". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the end.



May 06

Hey, Mike -

I'm sure the Back Door Boys have posted this on their website days ago. But in case you haven't seen it yet, here's a clipping from The Washington Post itself. Have you any idea just how those treacherous little fucks managed this? I'll bet they're behind the story (witness the "CARPES? DILTS AND CINCOTTA" credit on ~~the~~ the pic of the Williams).

Mike, I might be interested in scratching out an article on "such design giants as American



have you any idea who
is responsible for the
BMW debacle? Maybe
this could be a little
series on Great Designers.
Any thoughts?

Jack

PS - Did you see that those
loose posed typing at
machines that have no
freaking paper in them?



TELEPHONE 770"

368 MAIN STREET,
BESSE PLACE, ROOMS 5 AND 6.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 9, 1899.

105 Spruce Lane
Sonthampton, NJ 08088-1751
March 24, 2001

Rev. Mike!

I tried to call you, but I guess you were at work as usual. Check this out! THE OLIVER 11 LIVES!!! Look at this gorgeous fucking typing! YAS!

You may recall the sad story of this lovely machine. I found it originally in the cellar of a tavern in Tamaqua after a tip from a collectibles store woman. You professional big-buck collectors will turn your noses up at an Oliver, but Bob Aubert at least didn't: he said the 11 is not that common.

Anyway, of course, I used it often to write letters to prod my favorite editor (you). But unfortunately, the machine became the inadvertent target of an ugly outburst of Enarr Anger. I got ticked off at my son one night, and just lined a coffee mug across the room, and oops! The bastard smashed against the better front rail of this wonderful machine, breaking the space bar and sending half of it to parts unknown, and actually smashing off the "N" keytop, and causing that to ricochet into the massive rubble that fills my bedroom! Well, shit. I felt awful bad. What an asshole. I can't even keep care of my favorite things!

Back in September of 1999, I spotted a little classified ad for an Oliver typewriter, \$50, in Pennsylvania, and I called the guy up, and asked him to look on the front of the machine, and tell me what number was on it. He come back and said, "11." That was great. See, the 11 has it very own unique space bar and round keytops: none of my Oliver 9 crap fit. So this guy had just what I needed. He even agreed to lower the price to \$30. After all, the fucker was rusty, he said. One problem: He lived up above HONASDALE, near the freaking New York border, exactly 212 miles (as it turns out) from my Pinoy shack in New Jersey. Another problem also developed: I lost the ad, his instructions, his name, everything. And despite several hours looking in old notebooks, I couldn't find it. Summer.

But guess what, baby! On Wednesday night, I happened to dig down at the bottom of a two-foot pile of shit on my desk, hoping to find an ad page that wasn't ripped out for a car-- and there it was! The original 'Oliver ad. And the guy, Rick Matz, still had the typewriter. I immediately told him I was coming on the next night! And here I am, half a day-- and 424 miles later-- typing on my old favorite manual. Shit, this is wonderful.

I know you must think I'm nuts: I mean, these two plastic replacement parts not only cost \$35 themselves (I gave Rick an extra \$5 just for saving the typewriter for almost two years). But the car ate almost two tanks of gas \$19, and there were \$10 in tolls, and about \$10 in cabs. This bastard will wind up costing as much as your World typewriter, for Christ's sake!

I did stop at an antique show at the Allentown Fairgrounds on the way up, but there was nothing I wanted, except for a neat little sterling Medal Of Award pin I got for \$12, with the woman and the typewriter on it. It's the one that's the size of a dime, where you can at least see what it is. If you ever learn to type, I'll have to make an award to you, you crippled fuck.
HA?

By the way, thanks a million for sending a copy of Eclera over: I really appreciated it. I love to read the Backdoor Boys' trash. I had a real chuckle: Already, they're slipping into that intimate clubby style as though the newsletter is written for a cast of a dozen, and they don't need last names. I caught a little of that. Perhaps it's OK, I don't know, because after all, there are so few collectors that I guess it is an incestuous little group. By the way, I was vastly disappointed that your friend Nelson submitted his restoration story to those guys, Mike. What the fuck. What's the deal there? I hope you get first dibs on Nelson's next story. By the way, what did you think of his effort?

What's your plans for the jamboree? Want to pop the top of my convertible, load up some shit (the trunk will hold two typewriters, and the back seat about three more), and do it that way? Or maybe you want to fill up your pickup truck, heh heh. Let's clean out Aubert's storage room, since he's lost interest in typewriters, and see if we can make a few bucks profit on that junk he has. NO!

Jack

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail.
 222223333344444555556666677777888889999900000-----!!!!!!
 !!!!!ppppppoooooiiiiuuuuuyyyyyttttrrrrrreeeeewwwwggggg
 aaaaaassssssdddddfffffgggghhhhhhjjjjjkkkkklllll;::;;'fff'
 //!!!.....,mmmmmmnnnnnbbbbbvvvvcccccxxxxxzzzzz
 QQQQAAAAAASSSSDDDDFFFFFGGGGHHHHHJJJJJKKKK
 LLLL:::~""?~~~~~.,,TTTTTNNNNNBBBB
 VVVVCCCCCXXXXXZZZZZ

Check out that wonderful, crisp "first run" of work--
fresh off a 40-year hiatus, no doubt-- from a stunning, truly weighty
bastard of an "UNDERWOOD SCRIPTOR" that I rescued from Lambertville
yesterday.

What have you been buying lately? I rarely hear about your acquisitions, or how your restorations are going ... probably because you don't have any freakin' time to do any of that, what with that little typewriter newsletter you publish, heh heh.

I went to Florida for 10 days, and saw my son and my mother, and had a good time. A former reader of mine from when I worked in Hollywood, Fla., Dee McCann, and I went to the annual auto show on Miami Beach, then dined on South Beach-- neat, neat, neat! Wish I could live down there. But while I was down, I didn't once take the resume out of the trunk. Or the Facit portable, for that matter. Too bummed-out from being fired, yet. Still chillin.' Oh well.

29

**KEY WEST
Florida**

Sunset Celebration takes place at Mallory Square in Key West, Florida. Each night before sunset masses of people flock to the water's edge to watch the sun sink into the Gulf of Mexico and to participate in the festival that includes entertainers, street vendors and plenty of food and drink.



11-9-2001



HEY MIKE!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT -
THE DAY I LEFT ON VACATION
I CALLED YOUR PLATEN DUDE
IN LAKELAND, FLA. - AND HE
SAID SORRY, TOO LATE, A XEAP
DEALER IS COMING TOMORROW
TO TAKE OUT THOSE MACHINES.
BUT HE GAVE ME INFO ON
MIDWEST PLATEN CO. MINNAPOLIS.
SO MY OLIVER II IS SAVED!
THAT'S ME ON POSTCARD AT MALLORY
PIER, READY TO CELEBRATE THE END
OF THE 30000

Photo by Ron Fawcett, Universal Pictures/Reggie

TERPHELL 0000007

Jack Brown

POST CARD

MIKE BROWN
9131 BUSTLETON AVE.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
19115

May 12 2001

Hey, Mike,

Thanks for sending me the stuff
on that Italian designer. Groat to
see he's still alive. I'll have to
get out + get something on Brother
Dreyfus. Wonder if he's still
picking.

I didn't do much more than
say hello to Bruce at the convention,
and maybe get his age + occupation
+ town, whatever I used in the story.
I forget when I talked to him. May
have been after the auction. His name
isn't on any of the 12 hours of tape.
I will listen to one labeled, "INTS. + Auction"
I guess that means interviews. I
heard you being interviewed on one
side, + the auctioneer prattling
on, on the other. Will send if I
find Bruce, but don't expect much.
Just



July 1, 2001

Hey, Mike!

I just realized with horror that I had overlooked three misspellings of Carl Dietz's last name on P. 413! I couldn't believe it. (Corrected correction enclosed). That sent me scurrying to look through the rest of the issue, and I see that Dietz was incorrectly spelled on the cover as well-- accidentally crossed out only because I expanded the head into a three-tier job. Sweet Jesus.

But listen (and this is important!): I have no way to know-- nothing I can check-- how Dietz is actually spelled. So you're going to have to doublecheck your letters, or another book or source, and if it's actually spelled DEITZ, then you're gonna have to go over everything & get it right. These fucking publishing details are shit for the birds, aren't they?

MAINLY, I was just going to drop you a note mentioning that I had forgotten to tell you the most important thing of all, that this issue was the best I'd read in ages, MILES better than that typewriter art issue, and after I'd spent HOURS of enjoyment with it, I was just amazed over where you get your energy and ideas and talent, and envious over how much fun you're obviously having. YES! I kid you not when I say I'm honored to be a part of your effort. You rat.

You're The Best! Jack

Discovering the Densmore's thru old letters from Dietz

Editor's note:

This will be the first in a series of three that will be published over the next three issues of Typex. The series consists of about 12 letters that were correspondence between Carl Dietz, who was the man responsible for the Milwaukee Public Museum collection of typewriters and Clint Densmore, who was the son of Amos Densmore and nephew of James Densmore. These letters were written between May 1937 and August of 1945. It is important to note that this is not a complete collection of this correspondence and some of the individual letters contain some information that is too light or blurred, to be read. My intent is to re-print them as completely as possible. Some advanced collectors have seen these letters but the majority of collectors have not. The good news is that most of the letters are readable and contain some interesting insight into the world of the Densmore's, as told by Clint Densmore, who in the letters claims to have clear recollection as to the Densmore's connection to the typewriter world. He also states that he had worked in the Densmore factory where the machines were made. The first two letters of this series follows:

(James Densmore's financial backing saved typewriter inventor Christy Johnathan Sholes in 1865-75.)

was unacquainted with them would be at a loss to know which of these pictures is Mr. Sholes. I noticed a number of letters written by Mr. Sholes and my uncle, James Densmore. I have in my possession dozens of letters written by Mr. Sholes and James Densmore dated from 1868 on through the 70's and 80's.

On a card describing the exhibit of the Densmore typewriter, it states that this machine was the invention of Walter Barron. It is true that Mr. Barron had some invention that was used in the Densmore machine, but he had no financial interest in it other than that a small royalty was to be paid him for the use of his patent. The promotion and development of the machine and ownership belonged solely to my father and his brother Emmet Densmore and my father had more inventions and patents that was used in it than anyone else.

Perhaps all this is of no interest to you, but I wish to say again that I enjoyed looking at the exhibit very much. Mr. Heath took me to see the exhibit several years ago, but at that time there were only a few of the machines and it had not been moved into the room where it now is.

Yours very truly,
Signed, Clint Densmore

It appears as though Clint does not get a reply from Mr. Dietz and so he writes again 3 years later. That letter follows:

Clint Densmore
219 Blaker St.
Marquette, Mich.

May 16, 1940

Clint Densmore
219 Blaker St.
Marquette, Mich.

May 24, 1937

Mr. Carl Dietz
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Mr. Dietz:

While in Milwaukee recently on a visit to see my son, I had the pleasure of looking at your exhibit of old typewriters in the Museum.

I was somewhat surprised to see a picture of my father (Amos Densmore) hanging alongside of a picture of Mr. Sholes. This picture of my father was taken from a portrait painted by my sister shortly before my father died. I was unaware that any copies of this portrait existed outside our immediate family. On a piece of paper between the frame of the pictures is the signature of Mr. Sholes. One that

Mr. Carl Dietz
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Sir,

I have always been greatly interested in your typewriter exhibit in the Museum and I never fail to see it whenever I have occasion to be in Milwaukee. Naturally, I am particularly interested in the Densmore exhibit.

A year or so ago I wrote to you protesting about the inscription saying that Walter Barron invented the typewriter. Nothing could be further from the truth, as Walter Barron had nothing to do with it and



Jack Knarr & Mike Brown
The Typewriter Exchange
P.O. Box 52607
Philadelphia, PA 19115
July 1, 2001

Occupants,
1514 S. 2nd Ave.,
Arcadia, Calif. 91006

Dear Folks,

Legendary book publisher Dan Post, dead about 10 years now, operated out of your address for decades-- and indeed, was the founder and publisher of the wonderful little typewriter collectors' quarterly we now publish in Philadelphia.

To this day, publisher and editor Mike Brown lists at the top of the masthead, "Founded in 1981 by the late, great DAN POST."

He's trying to celebrate the 20th anniversary of The Typewriter Exchange, and thought an article on Mr. Post, plus hopefully an old photograph of him at the typewriter, would do the trick.

Unfortunately, we are unable to locate either his widow, or his son, Dan Post Jr. Have you folks any idea where they are, or what has happened to them? Can you answer our query (we've enclosed a return envelope)? If you know where they are, can you pass on this letter? We'd appreciate any help you can give us!

Sincerely,
Jack Knarr

July 10, 2001

Mike,

I reached the last Dan Post listed under the Arcadia, Calif., area in 411, and he isn't the one. So I struck out on all three.

As a last resort, I wrote to the occupants at 1514 S. 2nd Ave., Arcadia, where I presume he had his publishing business, telling them who we were and what you wanted, in regards to celebrating the 20th anniversary of Typex's founding by Dan. I included a stamped envelope asking any occupants what they know as to Dan Jr.'s whereabouts, or where the widow is, and asked them not only to answer us but to pass on the letter to them. I used your name & address on the return envelope, so any action will come your way. Let me know what happens.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Jack", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.



Sept. 27, 2001

Hey, Mike,

Man, thanks for that great book! That is one sweet story; I'm going to enjoy it. I think Ernie said Mr. Current is still alive, 91 or so, and living in Long Island or somewhere, and I think he said he got permission to make another printing, or he said that Current was planning another printing, that he'd seen it offered on the Internet. Anyway, it will be treasured among my three Van Post books, particularly because of your nice note in the front.

I just finished this book on the making of the last model of the Corvette (called C-5), and I know you will enjoy it. I thought of you several times as I read it, because everytime they had to bend or pound something into place to try to make it work, I thought, "That's Mike on the typewriter!" Who would have guessed they used your techniques on the Corvette?

Sorry about this typing. We'd been talking Facits, and I located TWO of the beige-and-brown models, and one of the light blue-and-grey badged "originals" that were cheapened and badged with labels on the beige-and brown. Anyway, the blue one needed working out! How better than to do that with a note to a good friend?

Jack



Hey, Mike,

Here's the blow-up of that sweet little typewriter I bought at the flea market one day for 50¢-- and the original small size of it-- I hadn't been certain of the identity of that

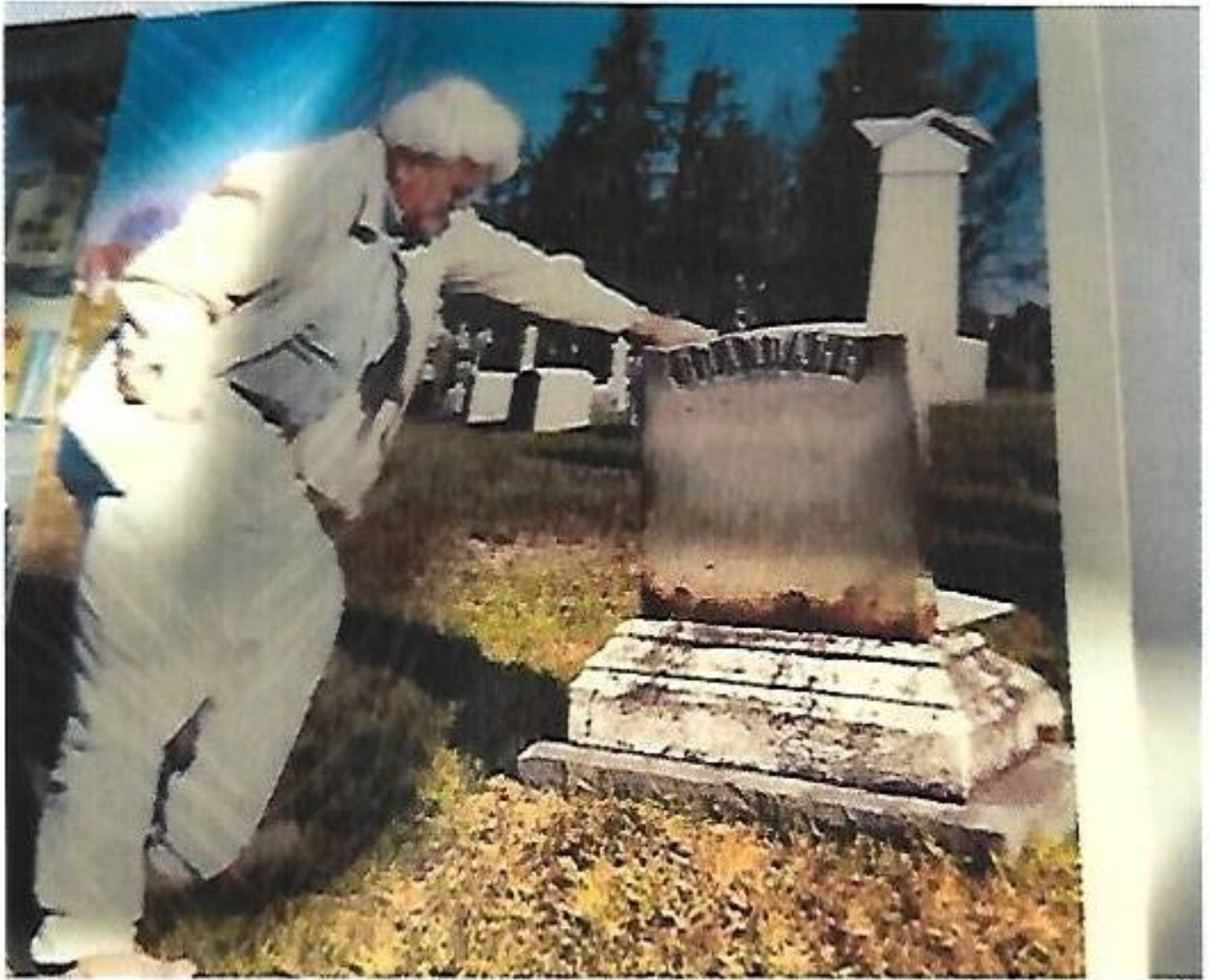
ragged-looking little machine until I saw the ad in Typex. Then I dug it out. It's marked "Aunt Rose Drawbaugh" on the back.

Then the same day in the mail, this clipping arrived, cut from The Miami Herald by my son Frank, of a story covering the aluminum-by-design exhibit now open at the Wolfsonian-Florida International University. The ad in Typex, the ancient snapshot, and the clipping from Florida-- it was an odd confluence indeed. A Blick happening in 2002!!! By the way, if for any reason you need the original in the future, feel free to call.

Also, if you haven't ^{locked}~~looked~~ in the "For Sale" ad on the last page, could you make two changes in the copy? Instead of "\$25 Postage," please just make it, "you pay postage." And if there is space to add my address (105 Spruce Lane, Southampton, NJ, USA 08088-1751), please do. AS I MENTIONED BEFORE, IF YOU ARE UP AGAINST THE WALL, JUST POSTPONE THE AD UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE. After all, the world isn't ending. So don't sweat it.

Jack

FALL 2001



Above: J. Knarr holding up the broken Lucien Crandall tombstone in Cortland, NY.

from Florida with Love... 2-13-02

MAD DOG!

By the time you get this, I'll be in Florida, but I wanted to get it to you before I left, so you can chop it up, heh heh, while I'm gone. Call Peter or Aubert with any questions; I'll be home Feb. 24. GOOD LUCK. (This was weird; first time I turned on the hated computer in FIVE MONTHS!) PS-- How do you like my honeys???

POSTED BY: *Jack* SC-0309109 FL

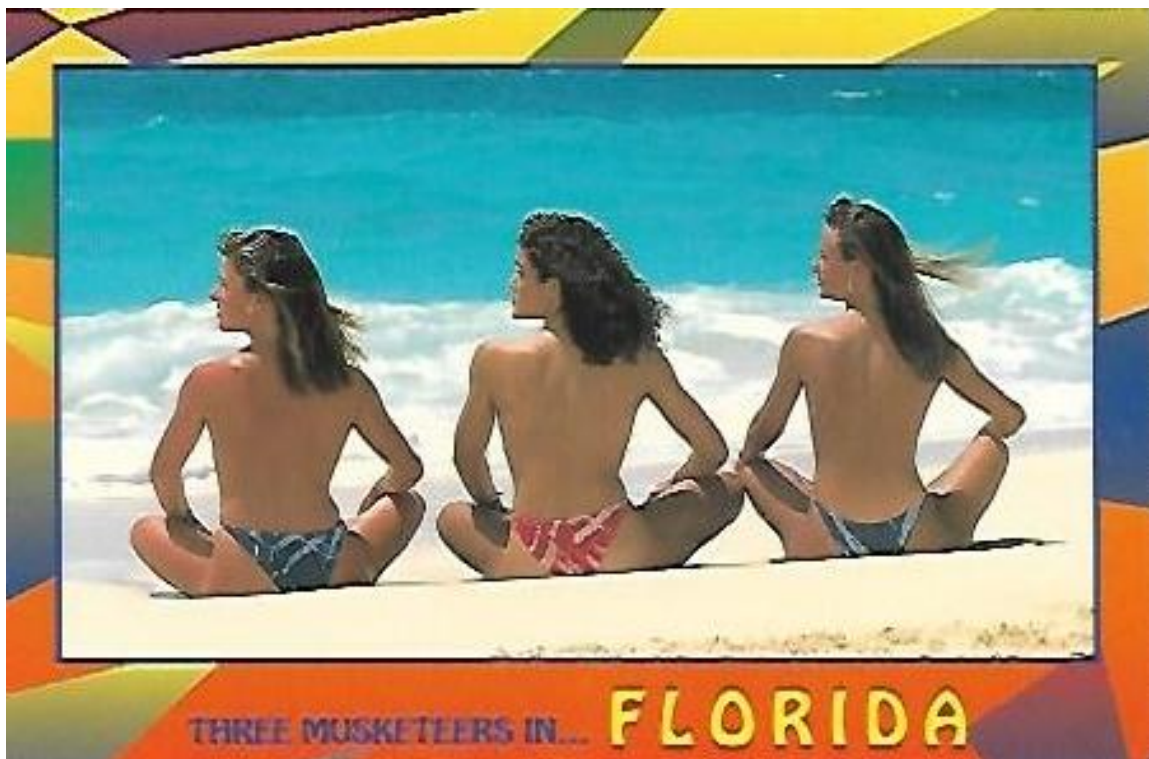
Post Card

Jack



PHOTO & DESIGN: CHARM PRO-PRODUCTIONS

PRINTED BY:





NEWS FROM... Mike Brown (the typewriter nut)

December 8, 2001

Jack,

Thanks for making a great trip...even better. I really had fun over the last four days, traveling to CT, MA, and NY, and visiting all the typewriter inventor's grave sites and factories and home address'.

Thanks for helping me with this project...and making it much more fun that it would have been had I went alone.

HAVE YOURSELF A "MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS".

You pal,

Mike Brown

p.s. This is a RARE letter from me, typed on your favorite T/W.
A Smith-Corona electronic. HA HA !!!

Jack Knarr
105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
Dec . 10, 2001

Hoo- Lee Mother!

And Sweet Jesus! That wonderful four-day sniff of Olde Typewriters caused me to go to the shed-- to go looking for my neatest Remington, one I thought was a No. 6, that I'd found at Lambertville one bright Sunday way down inside a Pennsylvania Railroad Box, a model that at the time you had identified as being a "blind" writer, made up through 1914, and obviously put away by the railriad people (and later auctioned for next to nothing, or taken home as junk) because for their daily work, they were using "sighted" typewriters! Which is why mine looked so nice in the last place.'

So anyway, it's 5 p.m., and I make my way in to the shed, and managed to dig down past PILES of car models, and stack them to the sides, because I know there are two typewriter shipping boxes down there. I've forgotten what they look like or even what's in them. To my shock, the top one contains a Remington No . 6, complete with the fingers and sheet-metal key-top cover (of the adjusting screws) that are missing on my most recently-purchased #6. (And there I was last week calling everybody and his uncle looking for those parts.)

Then, in the box underneath it, was a big old metal lid fastened tightly onto the wooden platform of another apparent Remington. I couldn't get it open, so I hauled it home, and the lid lifted off to reveal a dull but complete No . 7!! WEE-HAA!! A jumbled tangled ribbon inside proved to be FRESH AND PLIABLE! Shit, it works fine. And yet I do not remember typing on this machine. The keys tops are of black plastic with the letters and other symbols cut out and sunk down into holes made to their shape. I just do not remember it. Nor do I remember any machines with a wide nice black ribbon in them! Maybe I'm going senile.

The last ribbon I remember of this length-- besides the one Bob Aubert just sold to me-- was the purple ribbons we had made by that nice guy in Brooklyn. Underneath are old white rubber rollers that keep the paper rolling properly. Mike, you can see that this mother-fucker is typing like a soldier.

So I figured I would at least clean the platen and the type, and see what she looks like, and I guess it isn't half bad. Wish this ancient machine weren't so, uh, CRUDDY, you know? I don't think even Curt could make this baby shine. But then again, how many of these old babies have the wooden base, the metal case, all but one of the hinges, and the doggoned stencilled packing box, right? And type like this?? I'd say it's good for at least \$1,000 on the eBay, right?

By the way, I just got done reading the latest edition of the Back-Door Boys' Blab, and guess whose MUG is in there, selling-out TO THE COMPETITION??? Sweet Mother of God Forsaken Pearl! Will wonders never cease? AND HE DIDN'T EVEN TELL ME IN ADVANCE, TO PREPARE ME FOR THE SHOCK! Nice going, pal. Back-Doored again, heh heh.

I was unable to generate the courage to call Susan today-- unable to dream up a convincing line of shit that will be deep enough to win me a date with the succulent wench. Dammit, I bet she's married. I'll have to give it a try tomorrow.

Which reminds me, I wanted to ask you how we should deal with that stash of a half-dozen Sholes & Gliddens in the back of the old lady's place in Cortland, or wherever the hell it is. Would you like to take a cruise up & back on your next day off the week of Dec. 16-20 after she gets back from D.C.? It's always a possibility that-- because the typewriters are with a gun collection, that she got them directly from old Eliphant himself. Let me know; I'd love to go. I'll bring my pension money in case she wants to get pricey, heh heh. We could leave at 5 a.m., get up there by 10, screw around buying or cleaning up any of your loose ends from the previous trip, kidnap Susan, and get back home easily by midnight, wouldn't you say? Drop me a line. As disgusting as the work of that Smith Corona Automatic was, I enjoyed the fact of learning that you can type.

Happy Holidays!
Jack

PS -- Mike, the \$35 copy of "The Story of the Typewriter" that I just bought is barely better than my treasured old copy bought at Acres of Books years ago in the 70s in Trenton. But at least it isn't falling in pieces (although the spine IS missing, dammit). Nevertheless, I thought you might be able to use my old copy. There are so many great pictures in there! It was incredible-- THERE IS Mr. JENNE, the guy whose grave you found.

1-1-2002

MAKING A COMPLETE SHOLES & GLIDDEN
(or MAKING A SHOLES & GLIDDEN COMPLETE)

So you've finally found your very own Sholes & Glidden; ring the bells and wake the people.

But the precious old treasure is missing that unique set of built-in covers-- doors-- that originally kept the dust off Christopher Sholes' first QUERTY keyboard. Early typists disliked them and took them off-- too noisy, and unnecessary-- and of course many were lost.

But we-- WE 21st Century collectors and enthusiasts-- we want those lovely covers back again, and painted with gorgeous red roses, as they first appeared in 1873! How can a machine ever be whole without them?

Sholes & Glidden Type-Writer No. A-805, borne in 1874 and updated-- "perfected"-- by the factory about 1878, was by 1998 a sad doomed parts machine, setting in the air and filth of a farm barn in Oxford, ME, when Peter Weil heard about it. The property had been abandoned in litigation for over a decade.

Peter, 61, of Newark, DE, an anthropology professor at the University of Delaware, heard about the misfit mystery machine while trolling for treasure with his wife Cornelia at Renninger's Antiques Extravaganza in Kutztown, PA, in 1998.

Peter makes a habit of asking vendors if they have any old typewriters back at the shop, and this one fellow said, "Yes, I have an old thing, I think it's called a 'Shills'?"

Peter wound up paying \$700 for A-805. But the front and back covers were gone. So were the types, and levers, and half a typebar. Summer heat had even caused the carriage to sag. There was no treadle or table. The roses? Painted over twice in black, and decorated in dirt.

But Mr. Weil set to work. Carefully, he began cleaning off the paint, and found some roses.

"The most wonderful thing," he said, "is that a machine that was made nine machines later than this, No. 814, is in the Milwaukee Museum, and (collector) Darryl Rehr photographed it for his book." The roses are in their proper original location. So he can see what his should look like.

Then a friend in the university's physics lab straightened the carriage without cracking the metal, and also sintered together a typebar, along with four missing connecting rods between the typebars and key levers.

more

Then Peter hooked up with collector-restorer Bob Aubert of Riverside, NJ. The creative Aubert runs with the ghosts of the inventors themselves. He machines his own missing parts. He replates pieces in his mate Florence's kitchen. And he, too, is restoring a Sholes & Glidden, No. 3496, that he bought for an incredible price (he won't say how little) at a phonograph show in North Jersey. It, too, was missing the doors.

So it wasn't a stretch that Aubert and Weil began thinking of actually remanufacturing those rare Sholes & Glidden doors. Why not?

"It's Bob who has played a critical role in every step toward any possibility of restoring this thing," Peter said. "He has the knowledge and the technical understanding and the imagination about what's involved."

Aubert needed all that, too, or the covers wouldn't have gotten done. He was amazed at how far behind the USA has fallen in simple manufacturing.

"Today we can send a spacecraft to Mars," he said, "but we can't make a simple set of doors for an old typewriter. I went to 25 companies, and told them what we needed, and they wouldn't do it."

"There's a piano hinge on these things, that's part of the cover. The hinges were made separate and attached."

So Bob figured out how to do it himself. He created from scratch a tool that would facilitate the making of the folding hinged cover. And he finally found a sheet metal shop in Palmyra, NJ, one that does air-conditioning duct work, that would make a set. Bob finished it off nicely by mounting latches. Then another set was made for Peter.

I inspected the still-unpainted set that Aubert had in his basement shop, and the workmanship was wonderful, a triumph of honest, creative restoration. Soon the two machines will be complete.

An Aubert footnote to other Sholes & Glidden owners who need a set made: The cost is \$450 to \$550.

Studebaker



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
March 8, 2002

Hey, Mike!

Now don't get pee-d off, you little weasel! Here's a piddling \$30 consideration toward that wonderful little Cub Reporter typewriter, which goes into the permanent Knarr collection. It will always remind me of the deadline days when I used to write for a living. Doesn't look like I'm going to get a similar job. Oh well. I was sick of writing anyway.

Here's that Falcon article I was telling you about. There are a couple of pages of photos and sketches of models of what the car could have looked like. I remember living through that time, watching each month's MOTOR TREND and MOTOR LIFE, etc., to see the battle of sketches between GM and Ford and Chrysler. In retrospect it's sort of amazing to realize that even though the Falcon and Corvair and Valiant were designed in 1958-9, none of them came out with fins in 1960. Even while fins were playing on the big cars, company bosses must have seen them for the ridiculous extravagances they were.

Anyway, thanks for loaning me this issue of The Backdoor Chronicles. Can't wait to see your next issue, pal.

Jack

FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
March 25, 2002

Dear Mike,

Listen, I just had to write and let you know that I have to bow out of any trips this Spring, due to the instability of my work situation and lack of freaking finances. I'm really facing a WALL, and have to focus on beginning serious flea-market selling of things I have, cataloging and pricing and cleaning up and repairing all the damned toy and typewriter projects I have, and cars-- Jesus, if I don't do something real soon, I'm not going to be able to pay my bills. The Atlantic City show was like a last hurrah on Sunday, and I should have kept my ass home from that. As it is, I'm barely able to scrape together the \$800-plus I need to pay all the monthly bills. The last thing I should be doing now is even thinking about traipsing off on a good-time trip like you're doing, much as I'd like to. I don't enjoy not paying my way on these things, and things would even be tighter this time around. I'm sorry, Mad Dog, but I can't do it this time, whether I get that rotten job, or don't. If I get it, I face moving, which in one week or less will be a terror in itself. And if I don't get the job, I've got to get more resumes cooking, write letters, phone more of these bastards, sell at flea markets, etc. What a mess. How comes you got fired, anyway?

*Good luck on the trip. Take
Bob Albert or Tony! Jack*



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088
July 9, 2002

Hey, Mike!

I guess you won't get this until after your return, so let me just say that I hope you and Tony have beaten the Backdoor Boys to a couple of Enigmas and Mahling Balls ... and have found a cheap Sholes & Glidden for me!

It's Tuesday night, and I am so thoroughly bummed out by this search for a computer system to buy, and this inability to get busy and get writing, that I wish I had made arrangements after all to do Brimfield ... to go have some fucking FUN, instead of sitting here in the goddamned heat of godforsaken Burlington County, N.J., worrying about failure.

I had heard that both Dell, and Gateway, are offering new systems for only \$599, so I located a Gateway store in Moorestown, and headed down there today in the 94-degree heat, with the idea that I would stop at BestBuy first.

My God, this computer illiterate walked into BestBuy, and I could not have been more flabbergasted had I walked into the middle of a football game in the NFL. I literally know nothing about computers (as you well know), and all I wanted to do was look and feel and tap on a few keyboards, read a few brochures. Good Christ, it looked like there were dozens of employees standing about, poised to bombard me with all the knowledge and assistance I didn't want. I think it was some kind of psychological gridlock - a sort of psychiatric FEAR - that made me turn and leave, right away. In and out. Hecellllppp!

The Gateway people were nice, though. I was shown that economy computer and the clerk e-mailed himself, showed me how it worked, etc. But no, I couldn't just buy the \$599 model - that had to be shipped, at a cost of \$125 shipping & handling, and wouldn't arrive until five days later. The \$1,095 model, that one I could take right home with me. Hmmm. Then I began figuring in the \$199 for a printer, and \$99 for a security package and surge protector, and the \$60 tax. With the S&H, that "cheap" \$599 stripper weighs in at \$1,082. WHY THE HELL CAN'T I WRITE MY STORIES ON AN UNDERWOOD 5? I actually asked the Daily News about having a scanner, and they said every fourth word was being dropped. And they didn't have time to deal with that. Shit. I'm fucked. Actually, I'm REALLY fucked: I can't write. Period.

Jack
*P.S. When you've rested, call + tell
me about the trip!*

DEC 2002

Dear Mike,

Thanks again for being such a great typewriter pal over the past 10 years! Hope you & your family have a great holiday season.

I'm heading in to Cooper Hospital on Dec. 26 for a heart catheterization & possible stint insertion in a clogged heart artery, followed by cholesterol medication, etc. I've got a great idea for 2003: Why don't you & I put the kidney & the heart together & get out a shotgun?! At least after this, I hope I get some energy back.

Jack

*May the perfect love born long ago
in a simple wintry stable,
fill your heart and your home
with warmth and joy.*

Merry Christmas



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton NJ 08088
609-261-1882

Hey, Mike,

I just had a great idea for this quarterly's European "news." **Dump it in the freakin' trash.** I for one can't figure it out, and I know from your note that you can't either. Can't you Email Les & ask him what he *means* by the things he says? "Prices were said to be high at the swapmeet." Fine. High for what? Names. Numbers. Then he says he's been offered two Sampos at \$7,000 each ... after one was reported sold at that meeting for \$7,500. Why was it offered cheaper? The graph about the Malling Hansen copy was intriguing. Then Les reports an opening bid of \$12,500, and states, "no bids were recorded." Why the fuck not? If one was made, wasn't it a winner, particularly at \$12,500 for a rotten COPY?!! And who are the three "lady American visitors"? They sure didn't show up at our convention. This guy drives me nuts. Why don't you have Paul Robert do this. Or Email Les & get more details. Or forget Europe. Do you have any subscribers over there? A last suggestion: Put Aubert's snapshot of Dan Post in that hole & tie it in to your blurb about Dan's stories.

You have put an incredible amount of time, effort and fine talent into this issue, the best I've ever seen under the Typex name. I am flat-out impressed. You're really pulling out all the stops. I sold a bunch of grungy John O'Hara books - seconds - at a convention in Pottsville on Saturday, & would like to donate the proceeds toward purchase of the extra materials you need to publish this issue. **GREAT JOB, MIKE!** Don't even say thanks; it is my pleasure.

Jack Knarr
105 Spruce Lane
Southampton NJ 08088-1751

Hey Mike,

I pared this 107-line article down to the best 37 lines. I hope that fits your needs. But if you feel the need to re-include all that instruction book stuff, feel free. I wish the guy had written about other solutions to reviving Blicks. What if one has no spare rollers? Do you make one? Out of what?

FYI: I inserted some things, that I assumed: That no new roller replacements are being made (Graph 2). Also, he wrote it is very rare to see an Edelman and a Rofa, etc., operating — I inserted Blicks as well. I assumed he meant that as well. Also, Graph 4, I assumed (and inserted) that since no automatic ribbon spool movement can be seen, the "touch of a finger on the spool" keeps this Blicks alive, the one in the pictures.

I really slaved over editing and condensing and rewriting this, but the guy will still probably be pissed; I predict this after reading his note to you. By the way, I assumed his name is Joseph, not "Jos." Also included is a letter to him as I imagine you might want to write.

PS: Don't forget to
send him a COPY





Hi, Mike -

Those two documents weren't returned - here they are. Also, I wanted to remind you - and invite you to add to the story, rewrite the whole thing in your style, change it - do whatever! Seriously, that might be better, so feel free. I don't mind, believe me!

Hey, hope you had a satisfying holiday.

Jack



1-28-03

Hey, Mad Dog,

Thanks for the leftover \$10 bill, pal, but I told you I was going to pay, and I'm going to pay. I don't come over there to milk you of meal money every quarter. It's just great to sit down and chat for a few minutes (after the harrowing NIGHTMARE of Typex copy-editing!).

So listen, I've pasted one in here, and if it has somehow disappeared, let me know, so I can report a U.S. Post Office theft to the U.S. Post Office.

And listen, this is one Typex reader who wants to add his thanks to you (no bullshit) for your continued enthusiasm and effort in publishing this thing. Keep it up! Hope you don't go broke.

By the way, I bought a paper clip holder on eBay last night-- in the shape of a 3-inch IBM Selectric font ball with a lid on top! Neato. You probably got a ton of them stashed away from your days as an IBM dealer/repairman, right? Also, I had a great day Saturday at Barnes & Noble, reading free, heh heh-- and stumbling on a book called "Industrial Design, A-to-Z," which featured many of our legendary typewriter designers and pictures of their works. Oh yeah, that typewriter was in there. It's called the Olivetti ET-(something), and somehow from the slightly altered angle, it doesn't look as good.

Jack



105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088
Feb. 12, 2003

Hey, Mad Dog!

Ettore Sottsass is in the building! Yes, the wonderful "olivetti underwood PRAXIS 48" arrived today, and it's just too bad this great designer had to put this snazzy mink coat on this freaking technological Model T-- too bad that even in 1970 or whenever this was released, olivetti couldn't have leased IBM's golf ball. Man, this is the first key-strike machine I've written with in ages!

I was going to head to Florida on Weds., but the goddamned Rabbit suffered an apparent timing belt failure, and is fucked. I'm without wheels! Down the road, I have two other vehicles scoped out-- a 1991 Plymouth Duster, and a big old shark 1971 Buick Riviera with a boattail, and several rust holes, and a whopping price of \$3,100. Too bad. That pig would be a kicker.

Thanks for the copies of Bob Aubert's secret vengeful e-mails. That guy is a pisser. Let's run it in the next issue. Only kidding. If you did, you might spend the next 20 years paying for it. What a JACKASS!!!

Just took a Polaroid, so you could see these two great Internet acquisitions. Sorry the film is old and not of great reproduction. I got screwed at the flea market one day, bought \$30 worth, and found out later at home that the date showed it was a freaking year old. Hey, the gold ball is great! I'm gonna wedge it into this goddamned Model T!

Jack/K

SOME JOKES FOR THAT FUNNY PAPER YOU PUBLISH:

A bright young fresh-out-of-school auditor just joined the IRS, excited to begin tracking down high-powered offenders like the boys from Enron and WorldCom. Anxious for his first high-powered audit, he was a bit dismayed when his first assignment was to audit a rabbi.

Looking over the books and taxes was pretty straight-forward, and the rabbi clearly was very frugal, so the auditor thought he'd make his day interesting by having a little fun with the rabbi.

"Rabbi," he said, "I noticed that you buy a lot of candles."

"Yes," answered the rabbi.

"Well, Rabbi, what do you do with the candle drippings?" he asked.

"A good question," said the rabbi. "We actually save them up, and when we have enough, we send them back to the candlemaker. And every now and then, they send us a free box of candles."

"Oh," replied the auditor, disappointed that his unusual question had elicited such a practical answer. So he thought he'd go on, and in his obnoxious way, he said, "Rabbi, what about all these matzo purchases? What do you do with the crumbs from the matzo?"

"Ah, yes," replied the rabbi calmly, "we actually collect up all the crumbs from the matzo, and when we have enough, we send them in a box back to the manufacturer, and every now and then, they send a box of matzo balls."

"Oh," replied the auditor. He thought hard how to fluster the rabbi. "Well, Rabbi," he went on, "what do you do with the foreskins from the circumcisions?"

"Yes, here, too, we do not waste," answered the rabbi. "What we do is save up all the foreskins, and when we have enough, we actually send them to the IRS."

"The IRS?" said the auditor in disbelief.

"Ahh, yes," replied the rabbi, "the IRS. And about once a year, they send us a little prick like you."

* * * *

It was opening night at the Orpheum, and the Amazing Claude topped the bill, and people came from miles around to see the famed hypnotist do his stuff. As Claude took the stage, he announced, "Unlike most stage hypnotists who invite two or three people up onto the stage to be put into a trance, I intend to hypnotize each and every member of the audience."

The excitement was almost electric as Claude withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat. "I want you each to keep your eye on this antique watch," he said. "It is a very special watch. It has been in my family for six generations."

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth. Quietly, he chanted, "Watch the watch ... watch the watch ... watch the watch ..."

The crowd became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth, light gleaming off its polished surface. Hundreds of eyes followed the swaying watch, until suddenly it slipped from the hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor. It shattered into a hundred pieces.

"Shit!" said the hypnotist.

It took three weeks to clean up the theater.

2-24-03
Hey, Mike,
I left all my
typewriters at home,
so I had to find
something else to play
with for a few days
(see reverse). Hope the
meet went well with
Jay Owen and that he
made it home!



MIKE BROWN
9131 BUSTLETON AVE,
PITTSBURGH, PA. 15115

© 1983 EAST-WESTERN PRODUCTIONS, U.S.A.
© 1983 East-Western Productions • 1984 8:04 PM

Do not write below this line

Photo: Dan Brown
Productions



April 29, 2003

Hey, Mad Dog:

Thought you might be interested in receiving an historic document typed (very ritfully, I might add) upon this Remington No. 2 Blindwriter which was resurrected from the IBM collection in KY. Sweet goddamned mother of pearl, HOW DID PEOPLE TYPE ON THESE BASTARDS IN THE OLD DAYS???

No freaking wonder that DECADES had to pass before the typewriter was not looked on as a JOKE. (And by the way, what IDIOT would rig up a contraption that relies on rollers and RUBBER BANDS to move the paper ahead-- and then has nothing but one loose adjusting doo-hickie in the middle to hold the damned paper down? No rubber rollers, no springs, no nothing.

The \$16 ribbons finally came in, so I went up to DeBarth's in Lansdale to pick them up. And sweet mother of goddamned pearl if I didn't run into Another Typewriter Whack-O of the Bob Aubert/Mike Brown mode. (Only partly kidding, you maggot)

These guys are not only expensive, they're NUTS! The son is old as you are, and must be an old acid freak from the '60s, because he has hair a mile long, and has lost all manner of normal reasoning. Remember that Olivetti I got off the Internet for \$55, that you couldn't fix the ribbon reverse on? Well, DeBarth had one of them, too! Just for kicks, I said how much? HE SAID \$395!!! When I screamed bloody murder, he said, "This isn't one of your discount stores." Really.

Among the dozens of various machines in the large store, I only wanted two, a nice black FAY-SHOLES with the paper table cut out in lettering. And a really fresh Underwood #5 that was on a typewriter stand or desk from the teens that had a metal-ribbed box behind the machine, to prevent the dissemination of noise. But the dumb shit DeBarth said no, no, that wasn't for sale, neither of them were, because "If we sold the best, we wouldn't have them to show people." This made about as much sense to me as a goddamned load of shit, so I even got my wallet out and whiffled a little row of hundreds that I had in there, right under his nose, but he didn't bat an eye. He must be one of those solid-bone-for-brain guys like Aubert. What an asshole.

These freaking rubber bands keep getting twisted up with the rubber band holders screwed to each side, causing massive misalignment, cursing, and another session of Mike Brown's Typewriter Repair 101: If it won't adjust, bend it. Hey, I bent the ribbon-holders, and now I'm ready for another TEN WORDS. HEY, who invented this load of junk, anyway? Next time we get up to those gravesites, let's DESECRATE 'EM!!!

Jack Knair

FINALLY, THE FIRST WHITE HOUSE TYPEWRITER
by Jack Knarr

This may be the longest "correction" in the history of the typewritten word, dear readers-- except for that recent four-page extravaganza in the, ahem, New York Times.

But the truth is out! The first typewriter brought into the White House in Washington was purchased by President Rutherford B. Hayes on Feb. 4, 1880, not by staffers in the administration of Benjamin Harrison 10 years later.

The elaborate story of how E. Frank Tibbott, personal secretary to President Harrison, and Alice Sanger, the first female stenographer in the White House, ~~was~~ brought in the first two typewriters in 1889 was published in the February issue of Typex ("The Missing White House Typewriter").

It was based on "facts" gleaned from a fat file of intra-company Remington Rand memos that detailed the efforts of Tibbott's son, David, to sell the firm what he purported to be the first typewriter ~~used~~ used in the White House, in 1889. The file is in the archives of the Hagley Museum and Library in Wilmington, DE.

Maybe the Tibbotts didn't know the ^{whole} truth. Whatever, the file is a big fat lie.

As noted by author William Seale in his history, "The President's House," President Hayes not only had the first telephone installed in the White House in 1879, but purchased "another gadget ... for his staff's convenience ...

"On February 12, 1880, a wooden crate arrived at the White House containing a new contrivance which would make a more immediate difference than the telephone: a Fairbanks & Company Improved Number Two Typewriter," Mr. Seale wrote.

"From that time presidential letters began to appear in ragged little lines of type, instead of the clerks' fancy penmanship."

In a footnote, ^{Seale} ~~he~~ stated that the Feb. 4, 1880 bill of sale was located in the National Archives, documenting the \$150 ~~purchase of the first typewriter by James Temple Brown~~ sale of a No. 2 model typewriter by James Temple Brown.

Typex Editor Mike Brown and I spent a day in Washington and at College Park, MD, examining Presidential documents from both the Hayes and Harrison Administrations.

^{actual} We couldn't find the info to the 1880 purchase. But Mr. Seale in an interview from his Jasper, TX, office, confirmed Hayes bought the first typewriter. He said ~~he knew the~~ typewritten documents survive ~~from~~ the Hayes presidency.

"They (the Hayes family) had been on vacation back in Ohio," Seale said, "and their cat, Asia, a siamese, died while they were gone, and the man at The White House is writing them, saying, 'Oh, we're so sorry this happened, but you'll be glad to know we took its body to The Smithsonian, and had it stuffed. It will greet you as always at the top of the stairs.' And that's all typed." (Seale said he has a copy in his Washington office. "I got that after I wrote the book.")

I checked with The Rutherford B. Hayes Presidential Center in Fremont, OH; Tom Culbertson, director of History and Education, said a letter in the archives there mentions a dead Hayes cat named Siam, not Asia. He said that letter was handwritten, not typed. (When I got back to William Seale, he said two Hayes cats must have died, because the copy of the letter he has on file in his Washington office was about "Asia." And it was typewritten.)

It really doesn't matter. "The good news for you," Culbertson said, "is that we have a wonderful typewritten recollection from the First Lady (Lucy Webb Hayes), who told ^{her stories} ~~it~~ to the White House stenographer in 1880, George A. Gustin, who made a literal translation of her comments on the typewriter."

We're reproducing the opening and closing pages of that six-page document, one of two similar typed recollections, ~~how, straight from~~ *The typing was done* ~~in~~ 1880, only about six years after the birth of the first commercial typewriter.

A wonderful piece of typewriter sales literature from that period, loaned to Typex by Delaware collector Peter Weil, is titled "THE PERFECTED TYPE-WRITER" and shows a machine with gold gilding and a decal stating, "No. 1 TYPEWRITER." It lists four models, including a No. 2 at a price of \$150, the same as on the White House receipt. The general agents listed at the end are "Fairbanks, Brown & Co. of Boston" -- you'll remember that James Temple Brown is listed on the invoice -- and "Fairbanks & Co., of 311 Broadway, New York."

Never in the four pages of the sales brochure is the machine referred to as a Sholes & Glidden or a Remington, only as "The Type-Writer." In fact, the word Remington is used in only one sentence:

"The reputation of E. Remington & Sons, of Ilion, NY, manufacturers of the celebrated Remington rifle and sewing machine, is a sufficient guarantee that the machine is well made, and finished with care and accuracy. Its appearance is ornamental, and it forms a beautiful piece of furniture for any office, study or library ... "

Mr. Seale said that ~~these~~^{who} presidents ~~that~~ served between Hayes and Harrison-- James Garfield and Chester Arthur-- would have used typewriters in staff offices as well, before Frank Tibbott and Alice ~~Seaton~~^{Sanger} claim to have brought in the first machines in 1889.

President Garfield served only six months in office before being shot by a deranged stalker at a railway station in Washington. But his experience with the typewriter provides one of the sweetest anecdotes in typewriter history. I stumbled across it one night recently while rereading the September, 1993 edition of the ETCetera collectors' quarterly.

Author Marv Gisser had himself been doing research when, he wrote, "I came across this letter showing the 1875 use of a Type-Writer by James A. Garfield. Although he became president in 1881, Garfield was a member of the U.S. House of Representatives at the time of the letter. The original is in the library of the Western Reserve Historical Society."

~~Garfield~~ wrote to "Cousin Harry ... mainly to send you a specimen of the work of a machine called the type-writer, which I am just trying for the first time. It is about the size of a common sewing machine; and has a keyboard like a piano, each key representing a letter or figure... I am not very skillful in using it ... You will also see that I have made a few blunders ..."

Indeed. Haven't we all?

- 30 -



Hey, Mike,

I studied that article in INVENTION & TECHNOLOGY magazine, and discovered that two full pages of photography were of machines in the "Collection of P. Robert Aubert." A photographer named Sal DiMarco from Black Star did the snapping. Peter Weil gets credit for providing the Blick emblem. So I guess we know now why these chums got credit and money from these people.

You know, I just took the time to actually read the article, and it sounds excellent. And it just dawned on me that you haven't mentioned having one, so I thought I'd send this one over. Just return it next time I'm over. I like the last paragraph. The author is, indeed, a real writer. Have you ever heard of this guy? Why don't you tweak Bob in the chat room about selling magazines for \$15, and at the same time find out who is writing his articles for him. (Then send him a spare issue of Typex; you might get a new subscriber).

Hey, the Fox writes pretty well. The patent dates go to 1914 under the paper table. Wonder why this failed, while the Underwood succeeded? This looks more desirable, and operates just as well!

Jacks

MAY 9, 2003


Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg
City Hall
New York, NY 10007

Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg
City Hall
New York, NY 10007

Hey Mike,

I hope you like this letter to Mayor
Bloomberg, because it's been sent out
today! Forgive me; I couldn't
resist typing it on this 1890s
Remington No. 2.

Well, at least it's on its way.
Hope he gives you a good lead into
the best treasure!


P.S. I send my copy of 1984 to
you. Next time you see me,
give me one of your copies



Hey, Mike,

Thanks for all these wonderful books and the poster and pen, etc.; you really are one great typewriter buddy! Unfortunately, I spent the rest of the afternoon reading the stuff—now I'm desperately behind in packing, car registration, etc. Oh well.

Good luck on getting Typex out. I notice you're getting into an unusual depressed/harassed mood over the thing, and I hope we can get back to having fun putting it out. You just try to do too much; don't drive yourself over the edge! Only handle what you can. Or you'll go nuts! Now relax ... rewrite that conference story ... and I'll see it when I get back.

Jack Knarr

PS — I forgot to tell you that if & when you get to those Selectrics (and it can be weeks from now, if you don't have the time) I wanted to let you know that in an effort to get the chrome one to type, I switched platens, then traded off some platen parts on the right side. And it still doesn't "click up" the space when I hit the return. The platen just rolls around. Both are a freaking mess.

F. W. PRINCE, Representative.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY.

IMPROVEMENT THE ORDER OF THE AGE



TELEPHONE 770"

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 9, 1899.

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton NJ 08088-1751
Feb. 16, 2004

Hey, Mike,

Sorry to hear about your daughter and your guard accident and all the overwork, pal. You just can't seem to catch a break! And thank goodness the issue was away and gone, or you'd be looking like Phil Martelli along about now. That poor pasty-white bald-headed bastard is stretched to the freakin' limit, even tho St. Joe's is 22-0! It's called Doing Too Much. Beware of turning pasty-white-grey and Bug-Fyed, Brutha.

Being broke, I've stayed off the Internet, until today. And what do I find? A mint IBM Composer, with the price bidded up to \$200 with five days left! And an IBM Selectric III with a gold IBM marker on top that says "50th Anniversary Model" or some such, and all the IBM boys are lathered up over that one! I even see IBM Selectric Model 1s going for \$100 and more! What the hell's going on?! And where's my spent pension now that I need it? Damnnn ... It is nice knowing that the Composers are so rare and bringing so much. I'm going to have to assign you to steady Composer restoration! HA!!! (I'm only kidding.) I'm glad I made \$450 at Lambertville on Saturday (I was broke). I sold the Blick 7 for \$100, and a Royal "red crown" for \$30, and when I get broke next, I'll put that IBM Composer "Pilot" model from the IBM collection itself on the Internet, with a \$500 reserve. That'll get the IBM boys lathered up, and pay for my meds and rent for a month.

By the way, Mike, if you or any of your legitimate big-time clients need my IBM Wheelwriter 70 Series II system for big bucks (for me and you), please consider it. This is one truly nice operation. I did up 7 resumes on it, and love it. I like eating only a little bit more ... as I do typing on this incredible CHROME Selectric ... which will be the last to go, if I don't get a job. And I want to thank you once again for saving this beauty, after the trashing it took during shipping. YODABEST!!!

Jack

11-26-03

Hey, Mike!

Thought I would drop you a line on one of those new IBM Selectrics ... purrin' like a cat! Yes!!!

I don't know how in hell you do it, but these poor busted-up machines are now operating as though they just came off the assembly line. Miracles will never cease.

I'm still pissed at the way they were packaged; I'd like to take that single strand of bubble wrap, and wrap it around that asshole's neck! It still amazes me that you were able to restore all those jammed, broken, or actually MISSING functions. This paragraph, by the way, is written on the chrome machine. It still has a tiny line-advancer problem, but I'm sure it'll work out with a little use. I wish those broken pieces hadn't left so many tiny scratches around the machine. But I guess it could have been much worse, right?

Anyway, I hope you and your family had a great Thanksgiving, and that you didn't have to work all day. (I bet you voluntarily took the double-time double shift, didn't you?!) That's what you get when you travel the world like the rich, heh heh. By the way, I'm already getting antsy awaiting the "good" article you plan to write for the next issue. As I said before, sit at that computer, and just pretend you were talking to me as you type ... it'll spill out! And it'll be great, too. The language barrier, the little girl, Uwe's vault, etc., etc. Also, E-mail me the situation as to filling the next issue. Have you got plenty of stuff?

Jack

AB FALL 2003

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088

Hey Mike,

Thought I would send back this wonderful booklet detailing the Remington Electric typewriter, before I lost the damned thing. Those things happen, you know.

These broken IBM Selectrics are really depressing me. I got the black one in here that you had fixed for me-- the one that slid off a pile and broke the on-off switch. It is exactly the same size as this chromed machine, so I thought I could take the platen out of the black one and plop it in the chrome one, and the spacing problems would be over.

But as you can see, they aren't.

Goddamnit. Remind me to never start collecting these miserable machines. One little drop, and the motherfuckers are pretty much WORTHLESS.

I've invested about 10 phone calls to Colorado and California in attempting to track down the origin of the Chromed machine. I hope I finally hit real paydirt and locate the first buyer.

By the way, do you still have that box of Selectric I carbon ribbons that you offered me one day (and I declined, thinking I wouldn't need them)? All the ones I bought are gone.

When's that goddamned NOVEMBER ISSUE coming out, Oh Ye Worlde Traveler?
We collectors want ACTION!!!

*Thanks again for letting
me copy this!
Jack*

PS-- Mike, I already sent this once, & it came back as "undeliverable." What gives? The PO Box came off the Backdoor Boys mailing list. Has the number changed? Also, when it's convenient, if you can (and want), please mail me the Typex list. Thanks. Jack

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton NJ 08088-1751
Feb. 9, 2004

Hi, Mad Dog!

Got your e-mail regarding Hermann's shoutout of Paul Robert. Hal! So you stirred up the pot anyway, even though you didn't want to. YOU CUR!!!

Seriously, Paul is simply mistaken, and here are the e-mails for you to read. They are (1a) my request for his help in translating Hermann's Q&A, (1b) his translation, (1c) his comment that Hermann's mind jumps around when he's speaking, and that Paul would have appreciated some credits for the work he did on the decals-- and his warning that "this is a personal note." I used none of these comments. However, in (2) I thanked him and asked his permission for Typex to give him credit in a caption or short story to go with his decal picture, since "You specified it was a personal note."

Then I proceeded to ask him all the questions about the Victorian girl, the flowers, their sources, etc., that he answered in (3)-- the info that we used in Typex. And I made sure to delete his comment about Hermann not liking to share credits.

I don't have copies of these e-mails anymore (I can't figure out why my computer **automatically** kills out stuff after a certain time; I'm glad I kept printed copies), but if you'd like to re-enter the stuff and reply to Paul, please feel free.

I just wanted you to know that your associate treats your friends and fellow collectors honestly and above-board. You'll remember I asked before I submitted the interview, etc., whether or not you wanted to deal with the over-decorating issue, and followed your lead, that you didn't.

And sweet Mother, wouldn't it be wild if Paul Robert's true feelings (not to mention Uwe Breker's) on the matter could be known? Wow. I had an inkling Tom Russo's machine might be overdone, but I really thought Hermann Kerz was faithful to a previous decoration of a similar machine. He should have at least had a human pinstriper do that job. With a paint brush. And I guess the Victorian lady came out of a book or plate. Shit, I buy a Victorian calender every year for my neighbor Jeannie that is a **wealth** similar illustration; we could get a bunch of Rem #2s and **GO WILD**, old buddy!

I've gotten no call-backs on job resumes, dammit. If I don't hear anything by Thursday, I'm hitting the phones with massive follow-up calls. In the meantime, I'm getting ready to start flea-marketing on Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, to get some money to freaking survive! Thank goodness son John paid the rent, and son Frank in Florida sent \$200 as a "birthday present" (I told him it's a **LOAN**) so at least we're eating. Meanwhile, I'm gonna rap out that typewriter provenance story so you have it in your files for future disposal.

Jack

AB FALL 2003

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088

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Thought I would drop you a line on one of those new IBM Selectrics ... purrin' like a cat! Yes!!!

I don't know how in hell you do it, but these poor busted-up machines are now operating as though they just came off the assembly line. Miracles will never cease.

I'm still pissed at the way they were packaged; I'd like to take that single strand of bubble wrap, and wrap it around that asshole's neck! It still amazes me that you were able to restore all those jammed, broken, or actually MISSING functions. This paragraph, by the way, is written on the chrome machine. It still has a tiny line-advancer problem, but I'm sure it'll work out with a little use. I wish those broken pieces hadn't left so many tiny scratches around the machine. But I guess it could have been much worse, right?

Anyway, I hope you and your family had a great Thanksgiving, and that you didn't have to work all day. (I bet you voluntarily took the double-time double shift, didn't you?!) That's what you get when you travel the world like the rich, heh heh. By the way, I'm already getting antsy awaiting the "good" article you plan to write for the next issue. As I said before, sit at that computer, and just pretend you were talking to me as you type ... it'll spill out! And it'll be great, too. The language barrier, the little girl, Uwe's vault, etc., etc. Also, E-mail me the situation as to filling the next issue. Have you got plenty of stuff?

Jack

April 20, 2004

Hey, Mike,

Well, this very miserable day is finally over-- the Buick Riviera sits in my driveway, ignition wires burnt up, immobile. The only damned fun I had all day was reading the latest issue of Typex. Before I forget it, by the way, I checked by phone with Tom Russo to confirm the little sentence I added to Rich Willinger's submitted news clip on the back page; the private corporation/museum spent that \$13,500, heh heh. (And the man wants us to **volunteer** our time. I don't think so, Bro.)

I would have gladly delivered this later on on Wednesday, as I'm headed up to the Lambertville flea market and would be finished around 2 p.m. But I'm screwed. My car hasn't been inspected since last August, and I just got nabbed in Hellertown for not having inspection (to the tune of \$105 fine), and I have to stay the hell out of Pennsylvania with that car. And at this point in time, the green Duster is the **only** damned vehicle I own (among FIVE) that even freaking runs. As your typewriter key states, "OH, SHIT!!!"

Tony Casillo's article was just terrific; I read most of it to Tom Russo. Jesus, it's just a goddamned shame that he's quitting. Was Jann Dorothy the one that wrote that great little piece on your European trip? If so, I'll be looking forward to her contributions, too. But damn, I liked Tony's stuff.

Jack

105 Spruce Lane
Southampton Twp., NJ 08088-1751
April 23, 2004


Hey, Mad Editor,

This really does take me back to the old days, of actually feeling joy over finding an old Underwood typewriter cheap, and cleaning it up, and bringing it back to life. Jesus, even the good collectors (which I consider myself) can become jaded and uncaring to the common machine.

In fact, one example of this occurred as I read that article on the Remington 1 Portable in Paul Robert's new virtual newsletter. I actually felt a shiver of revulsion when I saw the subject-- revulsion from having passed by so many similar machines on tables or in the dirt, without making an offer, without wanting to, because I'd been there, done that, and seen it was a waste of time. But I read through the whole thing, and saw how this caring author, and others like him, had catalogued all the changes in the earliest models, and granted the machine accolades we often only reserve for the rare of the high-priced typewriters. I think the author was a professor! So I chastised myself for being a typewriter snob, probably the worst kind. After all, I'm the guy who wrote a little story a few issues back about Top 10 Typewriters to Take to the Dump (or something like that). I'm the guy now considering turning over my rusty common machines to the dreaded key-snippers. **HANG ME, FOR I HAVE SINNED!!!**

The really sad thing is that so few people even care at all about the typewriter-- and that so few even know what a typewriter is! I really feel like an old-timer, when a mother or father stops by my table and smiles and begins telling the kids what this thing is! Or a grandmother begins telling how she used to use these back in days gone by ...

Look how nicely the big beast typed-- and all before I just gave her a Liquid Wrench and Oily Bird treatment in the combs. And what would a letter between collectors/frustrated editor-writers BE without a few splats of liquid thrown up into the letter, right? (Only one thing could make this wonderful machine any better: Testimonial Typeface.)



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Mike--

DEC 2004

You are The 1958 Buick of
good friends! Thanks for your
support in these trying times.
It was appreciated. Your half of
the sales is \$195-- here is \$100
of it. The rest comes in March.
Happy holidays, pal! Jack

AUGUST
2004

Hello, you no-good bastard!

Hope you're wide awake and refreshed, old buddy. I'm sending this out by snail-mail, not knowing whether you received it in your damned computer as I'd intended, and hopefully sent. Here are the pictures and the attached captions. Obviously, none of this stuff is timely, so-to-speak, and can be used anytime you wanna take a break.

Jack

Whose Fingers Passed Over This Keyboard Before ... ?

I've often wondered, as I took possession of yet another precious antique typewriting machine, whose fingers had passed over these keys before. Whose thoughts and heart and soul had been poured through this keyboard in the past? What did those authors have to (SET ITALS)say?(END ITALS)

Sure, most typewriters have been used as mere appliances, in accounting or insurance or industry. Rare indeed is the machine that has fanned the creative fire of an Annie Dillard or a Pete Dexter.

But then there are the others on which we write letters, or notes to the children, or ...

Last year as the first day of selling neared its conclusion at Brimfield, the huge antiques fair in Massachusetts, a man hoisted a swooping, curved wooden shape into the back of his rental truck, a shape I recognized as the carrying box for an 1890s Caligraph. I had never owned one, and I did a happy double-take. Soon, it was mine.

That night at the motel, I opened it up and looked it over. It was dry and clean; it must not have been opened in decades. The keys were frozen. Then I saw, wedged under the hardened platen, a faded yellow slip of paper, with typing on it. It said, "Helen, I love you, Clifford."

The slip was folded. Underneath was this reply:

"Dear, your the best husband I could have."

The loving fingers of two sweethearts had passed over the keys of my-- (SET ITALS)their-- (END ITALS) machine many many years ago. I thought of them now, both certainly gone and buried on the lonely, forgotten hillsides of 2004. And I vowed to keep the slip of paper with the machine always, if it ever leaves my hands.

A more recent acquisition has been the classic first model of the IBM Selectric-- one that has its entire body done in (SET ITALS)chrome!(END ITALS) None of the collectors I know has seen another like it. Yes, there is a chrome example of a Model D IBM in the Blue Grass Historical collection in Lexington, KY, but neither curator Bill Johnston nor anyone he knows has any idea how it became chromed. And neither did I mine.

As always, I wondered about its provenance. The Internet seller said he'd bought it at a thrift shop in Salt Lake City, but otherwise knew nothing about it. When the machine arrived, it was obvious the chrome-plating had likely been done by IBM; all the soundproofing inside was old and crumbling, as is most always the case with original IBM "goop."

But for whom had the Selectric been made? And why? Could I find out? When I popped open the lid, I broke out in a big silly grin: A dusty old carbon ribbon sat there in its spools, and it was all used up.

See, we nosey collectors often take the time to unwind and read the typing on these ribbons, in reverse, against the desklight. It is a tedious process, but it's amazing how many secrets you can uncover this way.

Back in my newspaper reporter days, I used to go into a boss's office when he wasn't there, pop the ribbon out of his IBM, quickly put in a new one, and go home to have a good read. Some of his letters back to the home office were, umm, (SET ITALS)verrry(END ITALS) interesting. I was startled to read of some of the low-ball techniques that bosses used against employees they wanted to get rid of-- and who those employees were.

So I began unspooling the ribbon on the chrome Selectric, and the last words appeared to have been typed by school students while it was on sale at that thrift shop: (SET ITALS)i have never seen a typewriter before thiastringisamavzing.wow,how bizzare\$\$\$44\$\$\$JRTSOJFR?(END ITALS)

I completely unravelled the tape and started from the beginning. (SET ITALS)You are cordially invited to the baptism of: NICHOLAS RYAN HEINZ, Saturday, December 2, 1989, 4:00 p.m. at the Sandy Granite Stake, 2535 E. Newcastle Dr. A light dinner will be served after.(END ITALS)

My God, the last tape had been inserted 14 years ago! Most of it was filled with gibberish, as though children had been banging on the keys. Then this: (SET ITALS)Dear Stephanie, I enjoyed babysitting you. Next time I babysit I will bring a treat. Love, Lisa Washburn.(END ITALS)

Lisa repeated notes to "Dear Katie" and "Dear Nicholas." The baptism kid was growing up. But where was this family located? I wanted to contact the Heinzes, find out where they had gotten the machine!

Then, suddenly, amidst the gibberish, came a stern letter to the St. Paul Life Insurance Group at a post office box in St. Paul, MN. An insurance claim had been filed in a dispute of Dr. Birky's fee for delivering the baby Nicholas. The date was Jan. 25, 1988. It was signed by Nicholas's father, "Ryan K. Heinz, 2386 Willow Hills Dr., Sandy, UT."

Sweet Mother of God! I went right to the telephone, and his number was listed. Mr. Heinz, 47,

was amazed to hear that his old chrome IBM had landed on the East Coast. He said he was the Heinz in Collier, Heinz & Associates, a firm that leased, owned and managed various properties out West.

"Before I took the typewriter home," he said, "I used it at a mall I owned, the Kalispell Mountain Mall in Kalispell, Montana, near the Glacier National Park. But I think it originally came out of a mall we managed in California. Check with my partner, Ray Blake. Those people were into designer marketing; I think IBM might have done a limited edition."

Unreal! I reached Ray Blake in the Salt Lake City area, and he said, "We bought a regional shopping center, Riverside Plaza, in Riverside, CA, I think in about 1973 or '74. It came out of there. The manager's office there just had the most ostentatious decoration we had ever seen: Chrome beads hanging down from the windows, and leather, and art-deco chrome furniture everywhere."

The shopping center, he added, "had been owned by Loma Linda University, which was a highly-respected medical school, but it was owned by the Seventh Day Adventists, who are probably more conservative than anybody. Their Sabbath is on a Saturday, and they were conflicted. But they wanted the money from the investment, so they wanted it managed by someone else. We hired Bob Taylor to manage that center."

Taylor, now managing a Colorado mall, remembers Riverside. "A flamboyant type of guy had decorated the office, and everything in that lobby office was chrome!" he said. "I think his name was Fred."

Bless Fred wherever he is, 30 years later. Nobody knew his last name. So I had to quit my search. But hey, this much made sense: Those were the days On The Bus with acid-tripping Ken Kesey, of following the drug-gobbling fear and loathing adventures of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. A chrome IBM fits right into the Seventies scene. And I'm in awe of this sweet little machine, now in the war-torn new century. It's been to California and Montana, places I've always dreamed of visiting.

Today, it's even easier to dial into a machine's history. My most recent find is an IBM Wheelwriter 70 Series II, IBM's last "typewriter" per se, which can also operate completely as a word processor off a thick swiveling monitor stalking off the back corner.

This big 1989 plastic box was advertised by the Baptist Church in Moscow, PA, for a mere \$30. I know, I know, it isn't collectible; I bought it to do quick resumes. And I wasn't in a hurry to read the carbon ribbon, or the word-processing files, because the Church Lady had told me she did Sunday bulletins on it. They aren't something you sneak into the bathroom to read.

So today, in the interest of typewriter contankerousness, I have vowed to use these naughty fingers to pound some true provenance into the keyboard of this squeaky-clean machine!

Let's start with some truth from American philosopher George Santayana: "There is no cure for birth and death, save to enjoy the interval!"

And add this classic quote out of Cyrano de Bergerac, as typed on an Underwood 5 for me in 1973 by an honest, courageous editor named Donald R. Murdaugh:

(SET THIS SET IN ITALY)

Yet why should I mingle in fashion's full herd
Why crouch to her leaders or cringe to her rules
Why bend to the proud or applaud the absurd
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools."

(END ITALY)

And lets finally finish it off with this "Irish Toast":

(SET SET IN ITALY)

Here's to a long life and a merry one
A quick death and an easy one
A pretty girl and an honest one
A cold beer— and another one!

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2-9-09

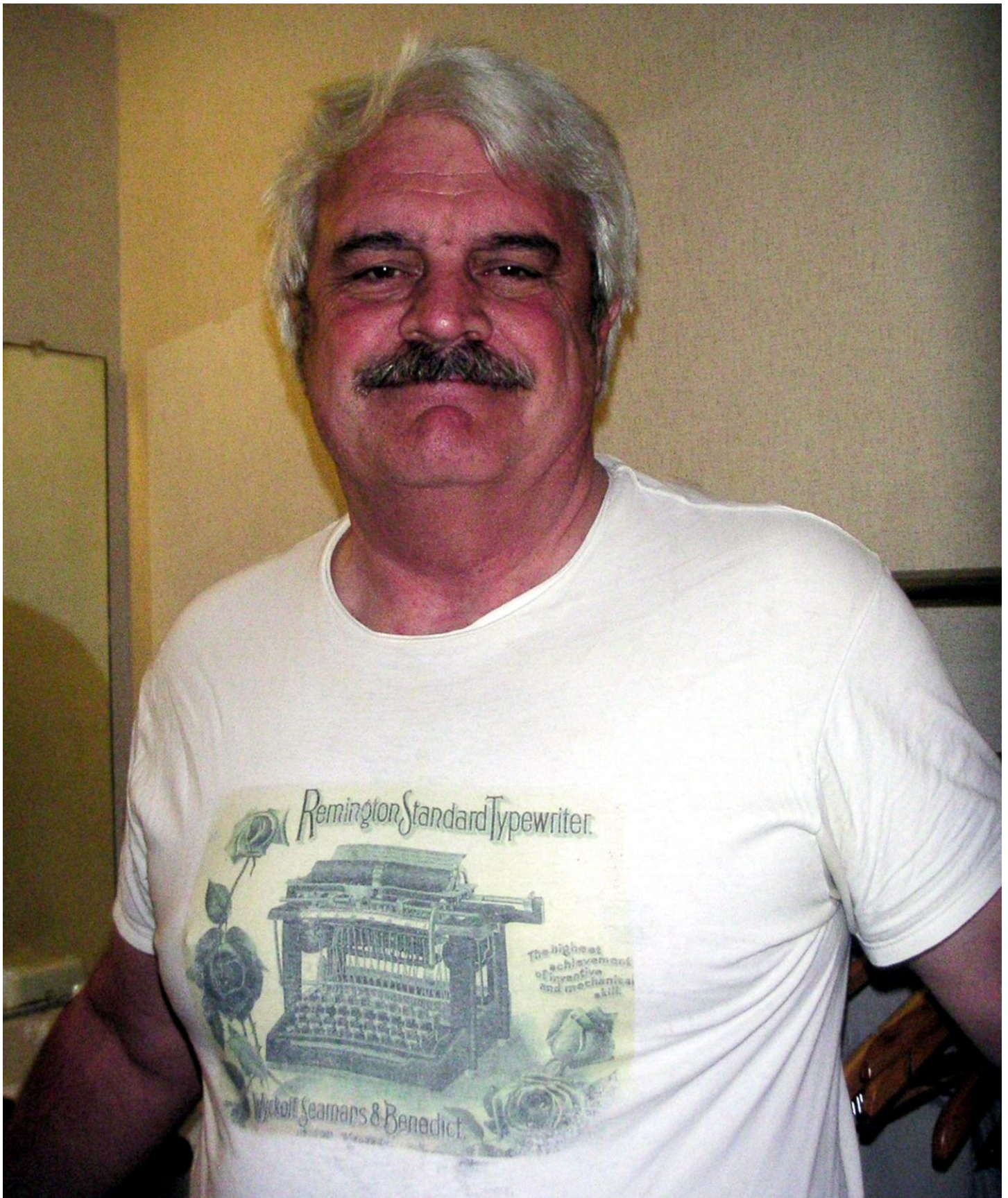
Hey, Mike,

Thanks a million for getting this Selectric III up to speed! Man, it's so tight, right and competent, and the keyboard feels so good that I haven't made a single mistake! Geez, I wonder why they couldn't have kept the same feel on the computer keyboards. Then I wouldn't be making a mistake or two in every word, and going fuzzy-eyed trying to see the monitor. (Well, there I made my first mistake, but it cleaned up real nice.) (Humm. Maybe I spelled monitor wrong. Is it "or"?)

It was nice getting together for lunch, & I think we ought to look for an excuse now & then to have a bite or a chat, more often than we do! Did you say the April issue is ready for copy-editing? By the way, do you need anything from here south to Florida? I'm leaving for a 9-day trip on Sat., Feb. 14, if you do. Let me know. Maybe you've got a machine that needs to go to Curt? Or come up here from-- ???

THANKS AGAIN, old buddy. This machine is truly the greatest!

Jack





June 23, 2011

Hey, Mike,

I spotted you in the paper the other day! There you were, slumped over your typewriter asleep in the deep, another issue of Typex put to bed, bottle of booze at hand. I see from the front-page headline that you're calling this one THE WRATH OF GRAPES. Nyunk nyunk nyunk nyunk. I know you'd make the funny section eventually.

Anyway, I clipped this out over a week ago and it keeps falling on the floor, and I know if I don't get it out to you NOW, it's gonna wind up in the waste basket.

By the way, have you practiced your TYPING for the contest at Polt's??? I want to see you bring your favorite portable along, and bang on it during my turn at the wheel on the way out-- a LAPTOP!!! Maybe that little German machine that is about a half-inch thick???

At any rate, I'll see you at 6 p.m. on Friday night July 1. I may throw the Oliver 11 in your trunk if there's room, just because I've typed on it alot in the last two weeks, and although the keyboard still has a stiff feel to it, I'm getting used to it, and am beginning to shift up into third gear (heh heh) for that extra stuff, almost automatically. Besides, the video boys will certainly enjoy filming an IRON BUTTERFLY in action, right?

Jack

5-12-2012

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail.
THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG'S TAIL.

Well, it's amazing how STRAIGHT the lines on this old
Luger type. Last night, by the way, I tried to replace the
"B" key, and was half successful. I studied the rusty parts
Rem2 that came off Dennis Clark's floor, and managed to take
out the key assembly. The large screw at the top comes out
easily-- at least that one did. That loosens everything up
quite handily to be pulled out. The only thing that brings
the key arm up to smack into the platen underneath, of course,
is the long wire. Each has a little fastener at the end --
picture the tips of your thumb and index finger coming together,
in miniature -- that come together in a little hole at the end
of the key arm. All you have to do is spread them with the
point of a screwdriver, and out the assembly comes. So I
thought I was in like Flynn. And I was with the parts machine.
The "B" key is out and has been thoroughly cleaned with Mothers
Mag & Aluminum Polish, and made ready for proper replacement.
However, on the good machine, the goddamned screw atop the "B"
won't budge. That bastard has been locked/rusted(?) in there
SOLID. I even soaked it overnight with that "Fabulous Blaster
Penetrating Catalyst" overnight, and the screw just won't
move, to the point where the screwdriver has twisted open the
slot in the screw, dammit. Guess I'll give it another shot of
"Fabulous" before I leave for work, and let it soak in again
all day today. (You know, look back at the "k" words-- it looks
like that key needs replacement as well. Well, if this works
with the "B," I'll do it with the "k" too.)

Had a great day on Monday. Depression over the thought of
going to work caused me to call the boss and tell him I was
staying in bed for the day. He was not overjoyed. "Keep
me posted," he said dryly. I guess I will have to get up today
and go try to deal with the new computer program and the federal
investigations I don't understand. How do I tell a new boss
that I'm not smart enough for this new beat and that he might want
to put somebody else in Hamilton-- when he doesn't HAVE anybody
else? Yikes.

Meanwhile, let me just go crawl into a corner and play
with my old typewriters. Dammit, I can't even watch the Phillies
anymore-- they're not even a .500 team anymore! AND NOW DUMB
IS COLE HAMELS??? SUSPENDED FOR FIVE DAYS AT A COST OF \$465,000!
As Larry Anderson said last night, "I can't believe what I'm
seeing!"

YoudaBEST! Jack

DEC 2013

Hey Mikey--

This thing, spotted on the floor at Barnes & Nobel, and the last one there, had your name written all over it, pal, since you've become so excited by the portable typewriter these days. And I must say, now that I study these examples, these little tin cans that we so religiously ignored for decades have rightously taken a significant place in collecting.


I was shocked to get a card from Richard Polt-- IN THE VOGUE TYPE STYLE!!! Said that he, too, now has the two-tone red Royal portable that featured same. It looked marvelous!!!

 With best wishes for the
HOLIDAY SEASON
and the coming New Year 

See you soon!
Jack _____

June 24, 2014
June 24, 2014

Hey, Mikey,




Take a gander at the dates typed on the upper right; the second one is the fresher ROYAL ribbon that I bought off the wall at a tiny office supply store in Browns Mills. I cut the faded ribbon out of a Selectric #1 plastic pack, then cut the fresher ribbon out of the Royal spools, and (using Elmer's Glue-All, pasted the ROYAL into the Selectric pack. Works decently, I'd say, except that a perfectionist like me will still complain that the tops of the typed letters continue to be lighter than the bottoms. I don't have the talent like you do to mechanically figure out how to level out the platen or typing ball, etc. I guess it'll just have to do for now. (This example so far is only a single sheet.)

And now, just for kicks, I'm going to slip another sheet of paper in back of the first one, and see how THIS looks :

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail. THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG'S TAIL.

Hmmm.



I guess I really should have just glued in a fresh bunch of carbon ribbon, where it didn't matter how hard the ball hit the carbon, just that it hit, light or hard, and the work would all be equal. Then all I'd have to worry about is whether or not I had something to SAY. Which looks like it might be a problem, heh heh. But hey, thanks for fixing this historic fucker, pal!

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail.

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THE QUIVK BROWN FOX JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG'S TAIL.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's tail.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their count-

HEY MIKE!!!

Check out this **BOLD NEW** typewriter ribbon I finally found that fits perfectly on Royal typewriters (including, thank goodness, my red Royal VOGUE that, incredibly, has turned out to be my best machine, with the works all perfect and loose, with no fighting back on the one finger, heh heh).

I went to my local Office Depot, and not only don't they have a single typewriter left on the shelves for sale, but there isn't a ribbon to be found there either.

But there was a big box of six calculator ribbons on sale for \$14.97, so I gave it a try, figuring that even though the length of the ribbon might not be long enough, the width would be right, and ~~mm~~ these little bastards would produce work a helluva lot more distinct than the totally dry and full-of-holes ribbon that was already in the machine.

And talk about **DISTINCT!!!** The red-and-black is just out of sight!

Now I wish I had something truly worthy to write to you, instead of my usual babble, heh heh. Well, let's see, what did you think of the nice fat ETC issue? In reading it, I was surprised to learn that my pal Marty Rice was one of the three professors who make up the committee that chooses winners of the **QUERTY AWARD**-- that he of all my pen pals never told me you'd been chosen, before last fall's Halloween lunacy at Herman Price's. What a friend! This after all the notes and letters and phone calls, etc., etc. -- after I felt confident enough in him to do my best to lure him into a deeper participation in doing stuff for you on the **EXCHANGE**. I guess I shouldn't give a shit about any of this stuff-- these guys are just human, after all. I was really happy to read the Editor's Note and get the inside scoop of how in one magic stroke, you tipped off Ed Nevert (sp.?) about the guy (me) who had a Graphika that he had lusted after for years-- and at the same time tipped me off about the Franklin that was available, that I had lusted after forever, that I bought. All this happened in mere minutes before the show even started, thanks to you, my true friend Mike Brown. If it means anything, you should know I try to pass on your style of good will to people like Williams, the great blind guy. Anyway, I've ruminated about all this since freaking Halloween, and I guess I really ought to put it away, and drop Marty a note, and get over the bad feelings. I'll see you sometime in the Spring.

Pat Gack

Remembering our pal and Typex Associate Editor, Jack Knarr---March 31, 1945-July 11, 2017

Warning: coarse language on page 1326. (Com'on we're talking about Jack here.)

Typex will never be quite the same again. And that's not an understatement. Where do I begin trying to paint a picture of a guy who was really larger than life? I guess one needs to get over to the paint store and pick up a couple of 5-gallon buckets.



Above: l. to r. Peter Weil Maddie Para, Jackson Allen, Rich Willinger, and Jack Knarr at WV typewriter meeting.

I never was much of an artist, but for my 30+ year long friendship I'm going to grab a brush and give it the ole college try. Yep, Jack was like the original typewriter promoter, James Densmore in a way. When he walked into a room, you knew he was there. He was a contrast in personalities. One minute he could be knee-deep in a complex newspaper story, trying to get all the facts right, with a laser focus, and the next minute he could be jolly-laughing and swearing like a sailor. One thing is for sure, he was a straight shooter, and would always tell it like he saw it.



Above: J. Knarr holding up the broken Lucien Crandall tombstone in Cortland, NY

I spent many days and long hours driving around and hanging around with Jack when we would travel far and wide to research typewriter history at cemeteries, and historical society's, and old factories. (Notice all the towns and states in the photo captions) Many hours were spent at type-ins, typewriter conventions, and various meetings with Jack. He always made a great effort to attend, and he was always fun to be around... well, most of the time, when he wasn't overdoing his medications.



Jack at the home of Mr. Prior of Prior typewriter Co. of Trenton, with his S & G typewriter in Yardley, PA



Above: l. to r. Marty Rice, Jack Knarr, and Mike Brown, at Mike Brown's workshop in Bustleton. (Phila. PA)

I have a lot of happy memories with Jack. He and I hit-it-off from the first day we met, and just "ran with the ball." I'm really gonna miss seeing him pull in my driveway or at my work where he would always visit me. I will also miss the many letters, cards and notes he sent me over the years. I've tried to include a few of his notes and letters in this writeup to give everyone a snippet of how he wrote. And believe me, he loved

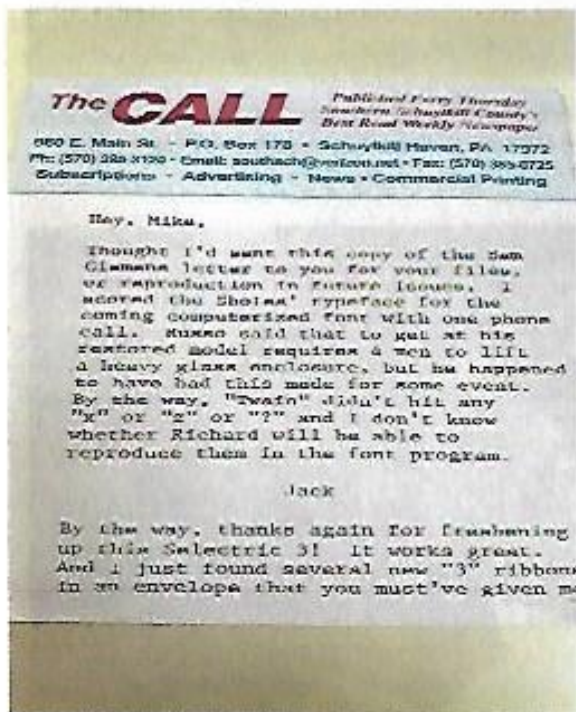


Jack Knarr at Cincinnati, OH typewriter meeting at Richard Polt's house.

to write. I've also included as many photos as possible so readers will see just how well traveled he was and how he always looked forward to meetings and gatherings, and interacting with the "faithful," as only Jack could.

I know I'm not alone in my interactions with him as he had numerous other "pen-pals" and "buddies" along the way.

Jack was also a passionate collector of fountain pens, model car kits, cast iron toys, Superman, Dick Tracy stuff, and antique and unique automobiles (especially Buicks & Studebakers).



Above: A typical note from my pal Jack.



Above: Gabe Burbano, Jack Knarr, (notice his right hand holding a large standard typewriter like it was just another bag of groceries.) Jackson Allen, and Steve Lehman, at Travis Hamric's gathering in West Virginia.



Above: my son Jason & Jack Knarr at Philadelphia Phillies baseball game, Summer 2015



Jack Knarr at Christopher Latham Sholes' gravesite, with other typewriter collector friends from the 2014 convention in Milwaukee, WI.

Jack was also an avid Philly sports fan as well. He loved books and was a voracious reader in his spare time. I must add that his help to me with Typox was invaluable.



Knarr typing on his Royal portable No. 2 (photo C. Strange)



Above: Jack taking notes at Charleston, SC meeting.



Above l. to r. H. Price, A. Seaver, J. Morton, R. Polt, M. Rice, F. Alexander, and M. Brown at Cincinnati, OH Typewriter meeting at Richard Polt's house, June 2010.



Above: Jack K. the full-time news reporter taking notes from Don Feldman, at Herman Price's West Virginia house.



Above: Jack Knarr w/new Remington No. 2 shirt



Above: WV meeting, Jack joking with his friends.

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Above: Our own Jack Knarr at the Tampa Type-In with his "Vogue" Royal. Photo credit: Batigan Slabbers/ For Newsworks

Among Jack favorite typers were his Royal No. 1 Vogue (above) an I.B.M. Model "D" with Testimonial type, and his many I.B.M.composers. He also like his Olivetti Graphica.



Group meeting of typewriter collector's at H. Price's log cabin in Fairmont, WV. (Jack Knarr thrid from left.)



Above: Knarr reading Mike Brown's book's at West Virginia typewriter collectors meeting.



Jack reading the FTCtra newsletter while sitting behind a wide carriage Underwood typewriter. Typewriter gathering at Easton, Maryland.



Above: Jack and friends at meeting in Southbury, CT

l.to r. Jason, H. Price, M. Brown, H. VanDeusen, Jack K. and E. Neuert.



Meeting at Tom Russo's museum in Wilmington, DE.



Above: Jack Knarr "adjusting" Marty's precious antique Oliver typewriter

Burlington County Times

Feb. 4, 1993

Dear Mike,

Sweet God almighty, 144 YARDS of Oliver ribbon? Holyshit, what are you going to do with all that? Resurrect the freaking brand name? Open an Oliver SHOWROOM? You know what? I just pulled the Model #11 "Speedster" off the shelves, and notice that it's ribbon is nice and wide. Not only that, it has TABS (Holy Shit!) and incredible stuff like MARGIN RELEASES and RIBBON REVERSALS, and a sleek new box design without those handles on each side. You know what else? The fucking patented Oliver throw-back knob doesn't work right. Now which goddamned one ever did?

Well, I thought I'd haul out the #? I bought off Bob Aubert, because it seems to have more satisfying key action than any of them. But boy, I miss that back-spacer. Anyway, thought I'd send along a column I know will tickle your pigskin, you old Philadelphian. Had a great interview with Chuck Bednarik. But I caught hell the next day from the boys in the office, because they remembered his nickname was Concrete Charlie. Well, I can't be expected to remember everything.

I see where your D.A. in Philly was getting death threats from some psychotic crank, and immediately thought of your pal Audrey. I hear she is going to hunt you with that crappy Smith-Corona Electric until THE END OF TIME. Aren't typewriters forever?

PS-- I picked Dallas "by two or three TDs" but told my son not to bet (he's a Cowboy fanatic) because I recalled last yr Dallas being swamped by Detroit

Jack

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Rest In Peace, Pal! Wherever you are I hope you have your old trusty typewriter to keep you company. We Love You! We Miss You! And thanks for being part of our world!

